

THE GOAT

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ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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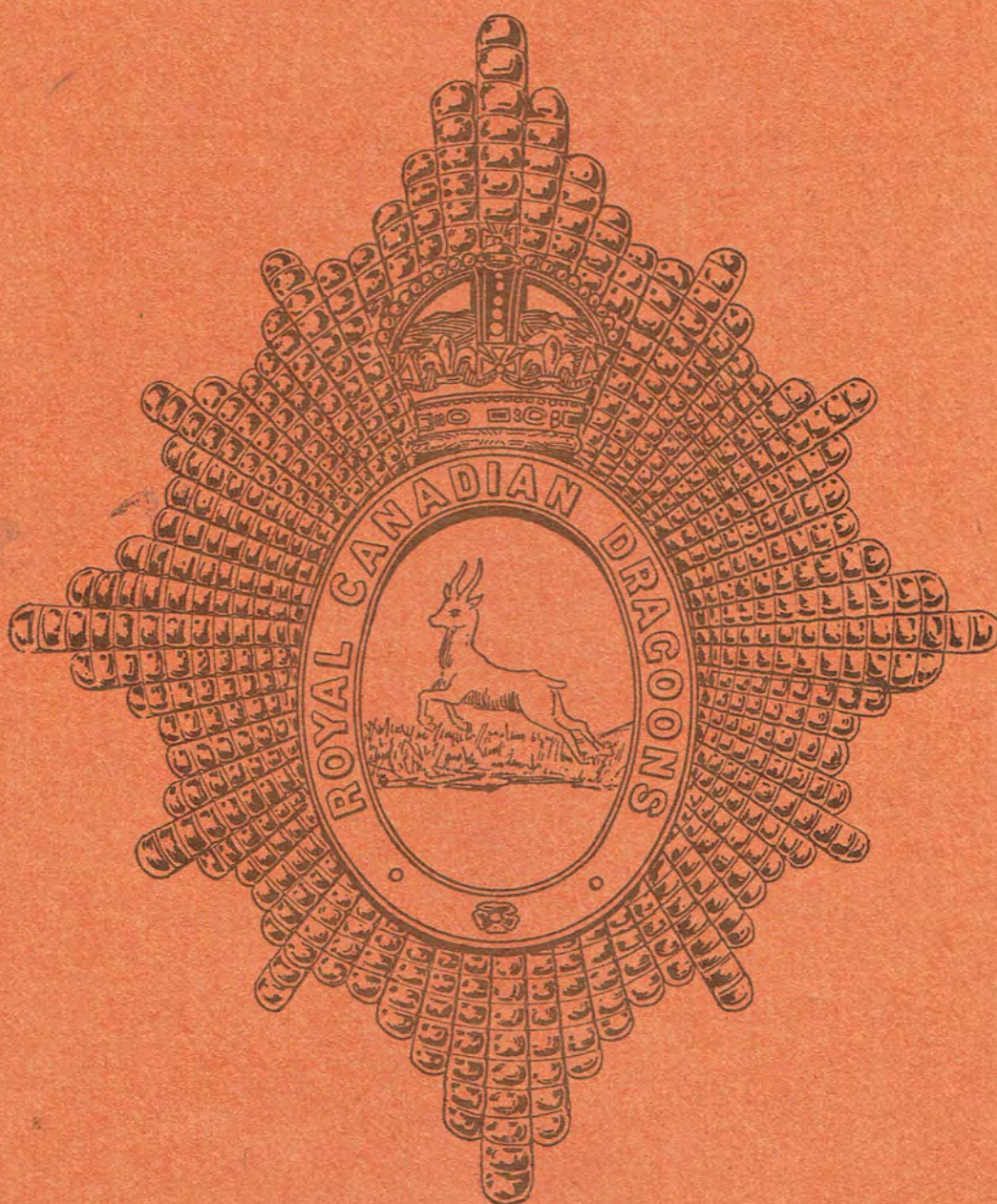
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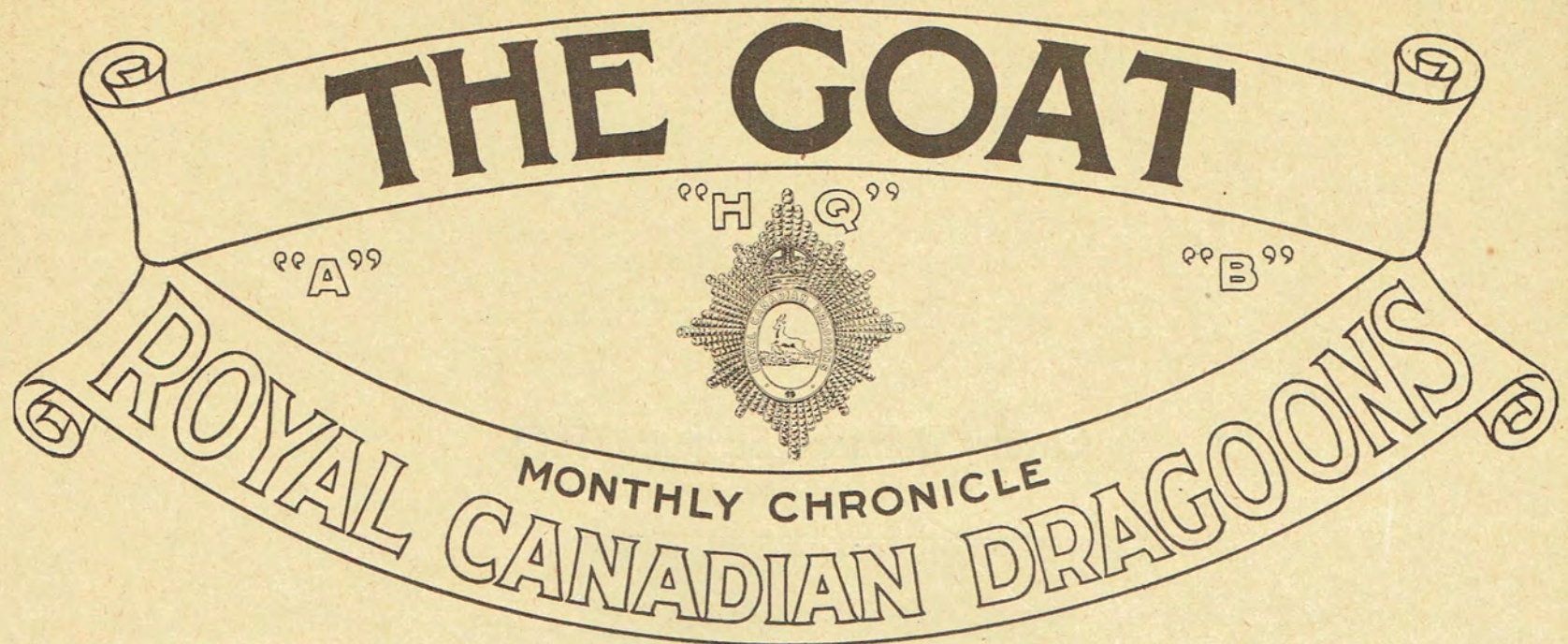
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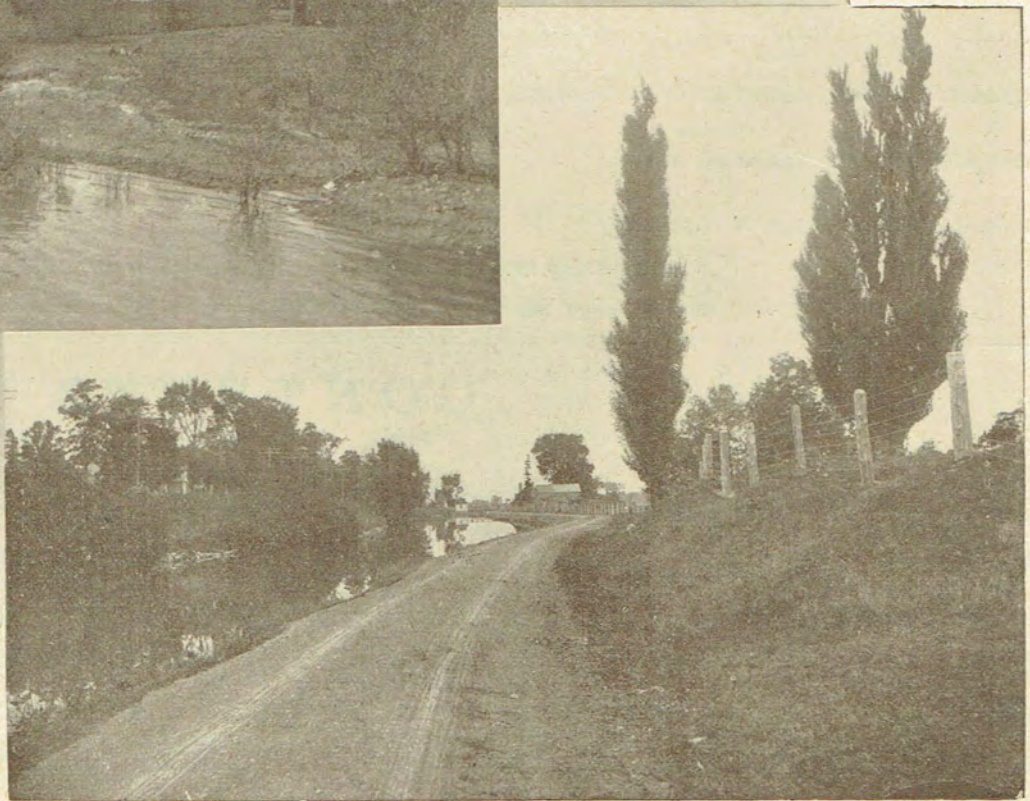
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Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.



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Editorial.

With the production of this number our thoughts flit back a year. At about this time last year we were all prepared for the annual militia camp. After days of tedious work the tents and marquees had been erected, the R.C. R.'s were all packed up ready to move to Longueuil, the officers were giving their annual ball, and the copy for "The Goat" was in the printers' hands. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came orders to proceed to Cape Breton. What a turmoil of excitement ensued. The soldiers' lot, we thought was bitter hard. But we packed up and got on the train in pretty quick order. Looking back, we wonder why we worried at all. Undertakings that loom so tragically large when viewed close at hand appear very trivial when looked back upon down the long perspective of time. And so it is with all things in this life of ours. If we approach our difficulties from the "looking back" standpoint, we can accomplish almost anything.

With the exception of the ordinary local news from each squadron, the copy for this number of "The Goat" has been written by ex-members of the regiment. This is the first number about which the foregoing can be said, and it is especially gratifying when one considers that we have attained the goal for which we have been striving during the past few years. But let us not let the matter rest here. We would like to receive copy from more and more old comrades during the coming months. Among those who contribute to this month's number are Lt.-Col. W. A. Blue, Major E. A. Hethrington, Major R. Nordheimer, Mr. F. W. Powell, Mr. G. A. Cannon and Mr. F. J. Dee.

In the correspondence column of our last issue we published a letter from Lt. Col. W. A. Blue, P. L.D.G. We intended to draw our readers' attention to this letter, but through an oversight on our part we omitted to do this. In this letter Col. Blue suggested that it would be a good idea if members who were with the regiment overseas, would commit some of their experiences to paper and send them in for publication in "The Goat." We heartily endorse this suggestion, and invite all past and present members of the regiment to get busy and send in the lurid details of their harrowing past. A good example has been furnished

by F. W. Powell and G. A. Cannon. These gentlemen have contributed articles to this month's issue.

We publish a letter from E. G. Simpson in our correspondence column. Mr. Simpson would like to know the address of "Jim" Roberts, who was in the 4th Troop, "B" Squadron. Unfortunately, we have not got this address on our books. We would esteem it a favour if any of our readers could furnish this address.

In a letter to the editor, Count Guy d'Etchegoyen, who was on the staff of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade overseas, requests information regarding the continuance of "My War Diary." This article is continued in this issue.

We wish to thank all who have renewed their subscriptions during the past few months. With a very few exceptions all our old readers have renewed. We are always pleased to receive the names and addresses of ex-members, in order to forward them a sample copy of the regimental journal.

In view of the fact that members of the editorial staff may be called away on duty at any time, we would ask that all communications be addressed to "The Editor," and not to any particular individual.

Old Comrades Notes

A subscription for "The Goat" has been received from Major Thomas Moss, M.C., whose address is now c/o the Cavalry Club, London, England.

One of the most pleasing features of the Victoria Day sports at the Cavalry Barracks was the large number of Old Comrades who attended, amongst those noticed on the field were: Lt.-Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. Muirhead, O. B.E., Ex-Sgt. W. Burton, Ex-Cpl. Sargent, Ex-Cpl. C. G. Rowe, and Ex-Tpr. H. E. Short, H. Gordon, Hopewell, Moran, R. Wheeler, Duchesne, Casey and Struthers. Most of the above ran in the Old Comrades Race, and it is hoped that this will be included annually on the programme. The race consisted of a 75 yards dash and was won by Ex-Tpr. H. E. Short, who received hearty applause when he came forward to receive his prize.

Letters received from Old Comrades living in the vicinity of St.

Johns are full of requests for an Old Comrades Re-union to be held here. It is hoped that in the early fall arrangements can be made to hold a two-days horse show here. This would be an excellent time for the reunion to take place, and if our hopes are realized notices will be published in "The Goat" and also in the Montreal papers.

At the last meeting of the Old Comrades Association it was decided to join with the Canadian Militia Veterans in their memorial service and decoration of soldiers' monuments in Toronto on May 24. Notices were sent out by the secretary to all members, and it is regretted that only about twenty-five availed themselves of the invitation. This, of course, due to the fact that many of them were out of town taking advantage of the long week-end caused by the 24th falling on Monday, and that the members from Stanley Barracks were either on parade on exercise after the military tournament. The detachment from the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association was commanded by Major E. A. Steer, M. C., and though small in numbers it presented a very smart appearance. It is hoped that next year a greater number will be able to be present. The following is an account of the ceremony as published in the Toronto Daily Star of May 25th:

Paying tribute to the memory of their comrades of yore, veterans of the wars of 1866, 1885, the South African and the Great War, marched two hundred strong yesterday morning to lay wreaths on soldiers' monuments. It was the annual decoration day of the veterans of the Canadian militia, who marched under the direction of Lt.-Col. A. Curran. The parade started at the armories at ten o'clock,

OBITUARY

All past and present members of the regiment will join with "The Goat" in expressing sympathy to Lt.-Col. W. A. Blue on the death of his brother, Mr. Wilson Blue, which took place at Toronto, Ont., on May 27th.

with the Army and Navy Veterans' band leading. Then came members of the grand council of the Canadian Militia Veterans, then the Veterans of '66, and next the Veterans of '85, the veterans of the South African war and of the great war; members of the Royal Grenadiers Veterans' Association, His Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans, and members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades' Association.

Wreaths were first laid at the South African monument, then at the memorial in Queen's Park to those who fell in 1885, while Col. J. T. Thompson placed a wreath on the Queen Victoria monument. In front of the parliament buildings General Sir W. D. Otter, C.V. O., K.C.B., took the salute from the parade.

Next wreaths were placed on the soldiers' plot west of the buildings, to the memory of those who fell in 1866, and on the temporary crosses to those who died for the empire in the great war. Then followed a short memorial service at the band-stand, conducted by Col. Thompson, assisted by Capt. Rev. Sidney Lambert, Hon. W. E. McPherson, K.C., Major Rev. J. M. McGillivray, and Rev. H. M. Hubley, who is a veteran of '66. Donald MacGregor represented the city council.



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Personal & Regimental

(Toronto)

During the Toronto Garrison Military Tournament the following officers stayed at Stanley Barracks: Major A. V. Tremaine, R.C.A.; Major N. O. Carr, R.C.A.; Major J. Jeffery, O.B.E., M.C., R.C.R.; Capt. A. Light, R.C.A.; Capt. R. L. Fortt, R.C.A.; Capt. F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., M.C., L.S.H.; Lieut. E. C. Plow, R.C.A.; Lieut. G. G. Simonds, R.C.A.; Lieut. I. K. Harrison, R.C.R.; Lieut. Elliott, of the R.H.A. (attached to the R.C.A.)

Regimental headquarters and "B" Squadron, R.C.D., proceeded to Niagara Camp on June 4th.

The advance part left Toronto on the 3rd.

"B" Co., the R.C.R., proceeded to Niagara on June 2nd and 3rd. It is expected that R.H.Q. the R.C.R. and "C" Company from London will come to camp for a month's training, commencing on June 7th.

Unless the weather changes it may be advisable to issue fur hats and felt boots.

Capt. Berteau, R.C.D., has left Christie Street Hospital and is now at his home. It is hoped that it will not be long before his "nether limb" is fully healed.

Major and Mrs. Stethem entertained after the tournament.

Among those present were Gen. and Mrs. MacBrien, Gen. H. Panet, Gen. Ashton, Gen. and Mrs. Edouard Panet, Gen. Elmsley, Gen. Lessard, Gen. and Mrs. A. H. Bell, Col. Ford, Col. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Col. and Mrs. H. P. Elkins, Col. and Mrs. W. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. George Leacock, Col. and Mrs. Norman Perry, Mr. W. MacBrien, Major Tremaine, Capt. Harvey, Capt. Fortt, Lieut. Evans, Major R. S. Timmis, Capt. and Mrs. James, Lieut. Chadwick, Major R. Carr-Harris, Col. and Mrs. C. Russell, Capt. and Mrs. Richardson, Gen. V. A. S. Williams, Colonel-Commandant Constantine.

The following notice is posted in a signal box of a certain railway: "Hereafter, when the trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other, on separate lines, drivers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

"B" Sqdn Notes.

The Toronto Garrison Military Tournament was staged on the evenings of May 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd to packed houses every night, and it is now likely that it will become a permanent fixture along with other notable events occurring annually in Toronto.

The honours in the Officers Dummy-Thrusting and Tent-pegging were carried off by Lieut. Elliott, of the R.H.A. (attached to the R.C.H.A.) with a faultless performance, with Lieut. Chadwick, R.C.D., finishing second, only losing out by missing the last peg.

The R.C.D. tug-of-war team went down to defeat in the finals staged on the last night of the tournament at the hands of the 75th Toronto Scottish Regiment, in two straight pulls. The R.C.D. team put up a very stout argument but were out-weighted by their rivals by at least 200 pounds.

In the boxing finals, Sgt. Buell and Tpr. Dutton finished second in their respective classes. Buell was beaten in his class by Cobb, of the R.C.A.F., who holds the Ontario championship in his class. Dutton succeeded in reaching the finals after two hard bouts, and was deprived of the title in the final on a very close decision.

Colonel Bell's horse, "Plaudmore-Saintly," ran in a couple of steeplechase races at the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club held at Woodbine Park, Toronto, but did not succeed in running "in the money." Those who saw the race claim that it was through faulty riding on the part of the jockey that he did not land in the money in the first race. The first race was the "Helter-Skelter Steeplechase," and "Plaudmore-Saintly" was running third, with a lead of fifteen lengths on the next horse. On making the turn for the second to last jump he fell, but the jockey had lots of time to get mounted again and still finish in third place, but for some unknown reason he failed to do so. The second race was the "Tally-Ho Steeplechase," and in this race "Plaudmore-Saintly" appeared to be stale, with the result that he never appeared to be in the running.

Everyone is looking forward to the next meeting when this horse runs, when, with a different jockey, it is expected that he will give a good account of himself and win a few "shekels" for his owner.

R.H.Q. and "B" Squadron, R.C.D., departed from Toronto for

Niagara Camp on the morning of June 4th and arrived safely at Niagara-on-the-Lake without any casualties to man or beast en-route. The advance party, under Captain Wood, had gone a day ahead and had things in good shape on the arrival of the main body.

"Tubby" Bowman was a visitor in barracks prior to the unit leaving for camp.

"B" Coy., R.C.R., arrived in Niagara Camp on June 3rd from Toronto.

R.H.Q. and "C" Coy., R.C.R., together with their band, from London, Ont., arrived at Niagara Camp on the night of June 7th, for a one month's stay.

A camp school of machine guns commenced at Niagara Camp on June 7th, with 13 candidates attending.

A camp school of cavalry is slated to commence at Niagara Camp on June 14th, for a period of 16 days.

The troops stationed at Niagara Camp have been treated to some real "frosty" weather for the first week of camp, and everyone is now looking forward to the time when they will not have to pile all the clothes they own on top of themselves in order to keep warm.

While making repairs in the officers' compound at Niagara Camp, in one of the old wooden sills was found a lizard, about 7 inches long, which the camp veterinary officers stated was at least one hundred years old. It was immediately destroyed.

A polo field is being "built" at the camp. All the officers of "B" Squadron are receiving intensive practical instruction in elementary farming every afternoon. The syllabus includes handling of garden rakes, pitch-forks and other implements.

The D.O.C. and G.S.O., M.D. No. 2, visited Niagara Camp on June 9th.

The old offender volubly protested his innocence but the magistrate was not convinced.

"I wouldn't believe you," he said, "if you swore on a dozen Bibles. Whatever you said, I'd believe the opposite to be true."

Then the prisoner said: "Your worship, I plead guilty."

Bytown Bits.

New Stuff.—Did you ever try to fill up a page or even part of a page when things were abso-bloody-lutely still and quiet. Well, that's the way things are up at the Capital this month. It is true that the city soldiers go. The establishments the Drill Hall and their own headquarters every night, but they are doing the old time-worn routine and there is not a hell of a lot of enthusiasm in it. Things this year are not very bright as far as the city soldier go. The establishments have again been pared down and now the pay has been cut. Commanding officers and the unit commanders are doing their best to explain to the rank and file why this is and meeting with indifferent success. The boy who has turned out for three years or so suddenly gets fed up, and a good trained man is lost. The officers must go on or be judged a quitter. Still, as George M. Cohan sang, "There's No Kick Coming if You Want to Die for Your Country's Flag Some Day."

Parliament Will Close.—This month will see the end of a somewhat hectic session of Parliament and the members will toddle back home with what is left of the \$4000 in their jeans. The government still lives and will probably live for another couple of sessions, as \$4000 looks pretty good in these days and elections cost money. The first sessional indemnity will about cover the cost of the last election and the lads will want another couple of whacks to get a bit ahead for the next time, so the government will live. And the militia will die. For the closing both the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards and the Governor General's Foot Guards will turn out in full review order. This will be the first pre-war show since the troops came back from slaughter. The cavalry wore their blue last winter but the cloaks robbed them of the colourful touch, and helmets could not be worn to advantage with the mercury at 30 below. The gunners will have the business khaki, but then they are not seen by the multitudes.

Cavalry Training.—The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards are running a District Cavalry School in connection with their annual training. Lectures are being given at headquarters and at Pembroke three nights a week, and the students will gather at Connaught Ranges a few days before the regiment goes in on the 7th of July. The course will run to the end of

camp. The instructors are Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., Capt. G. H. Trudeau, Royal 22nd Regt., and S.M. T. A. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M. M., R.C.D. About twelve are taking the course.

Burton Burney Dead—Lieut. Commander Burton Burney, commanding the Ottawa half company, R.C.N.V.R., died the end of last month in Ottawa after a short illness. The deceased officer served with the R.N.V.R. during the war, being attached to the M.L. section of the Royal Navy. He was largely instrumental in organizing the local half company of sailors, and his funeral, which was attended by the unit under his command, in uniform, was one of the largest seen in Ottawa for some time. He was 33 years of age.

Gets Promotion.—The Gazette announces the promotion of Major Clyde Scott, M.C., to be Assistant Director of Records. Major Scott is one of the original 2nd Battalion, C.E.F., and has been at Headquarters since his return from the German government following the second battle of Ypres.

At the Gas House.—The other evening the south wind was blowing round Parliament Hill and I saw a Barker telling the Baker that a Baldwin was hitting down the main stem. The Bell rang and the Black Bird which the Brown Boys had tried to bury on a nearby Cannon. The Casselman at the Church door got Cross at the Darke cloud, and, putting on a clean Dickie, began to Fish with a Forke. The Gardiner, weaving a Garland, said, "My Gott, there's heaps of Hay in Hamilton." He had been Hocken his watch and tried to pinch a new lid out of the Hatfield. The Kaiser ran down Jacob's ladder to see the King who was using Lacombe before he went to see his Lovie. He was going to let MacDonald or MacNutt do it, but as Agnes says, you can never Mac-Phail. It Maybee Meighan but I bet a Pettit Peck that to Robb Rowe would make you Short ten Senn. A lot of Smoke made the Storke ask for the Speakman to Ward off the Young piefaces. The wind changed then, which was about time.

Fired Salute.—The salute in honour of the birthday of His Majesty the King on June 3rd was fired by the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., at Ottawa. Both the 1st and 2nd Batteries paraded under Major T. A. Williams, M.C. and Captain H. R. Dale-Harris.

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of N Division, R.C.M. Police, has gone to Fort Smith, N.W.T., and has been succeeded by Inspector Hill, who commanded the Wembley contingent.

King's Birthday.—The birthday of His Majesty the King was celebrated very quietly in Ottawa. The chief event of the day was a garden party given by His Excellency the Governor General, when over 1000 of Ottawa's fairest braved the Arctic weather and journeyed to Rideau Hall. The band of the G.G.F.G. provided music and the guests amused themselves indoors.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW AT NIAGARA CAMP

Will "Matty" ever become too old to play baseball?

Who told "Ham" he knew how to umpire a baseball game?

Does the "Bad-man" intend to take off any weight while in camp or not?

Do "Friday" and "Foxy" figure on becoming as famous at tennis as Robert Tilden and Vincent Richards?

Will the polo field ever be finished?

"What did the Camp Quartermaster Sergeant do when he heard the voice of the Camp Adjutant say outside the store room?"

Have you seen the Quartermaster-Sergeant anywhere? (time 9.00 a.m.)

"Did the Quartermaster-Sergeant need a ladder to get through the window?"

Did he run around the block to meet the adjutant, saying with a tear in his eye, "Good morning, sir?"

What sort of underwear did the said Quartermaster-Sergeant have on—was it his pyjamas?

An Aberdeenshire farmer was under contract to deliver twenty hens to a neighbour. Only nineteen, however, were sent, and it was late in the evening before the missing bird was brought by the farmer.

"Mon," said the purchaser, accusingly, "ye're verra late with this yin." "Aye," agreed the other, "but, ye see, she doesna lay until the afternoon."

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Personal & Regimental

(ST. JOHNS)

Capt. D. A. Grant, M.C., R.C.D., who is at present attached "The Royals" stationed at Beaumont Barracks, Aldersot, attended the Levee at St. James on May, 31st. and was presented to His Majesty. In the evening of the same date, Capt. Grant was present at the regimental dinner of "The Royals" which was held in the "Cafe Royal". During the dinner, General Burn-Murdoch, O.C. Royals, in proposing the health of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, said he hoped there would always be a representative of their sister regiment with them. Capt. Grant replied. The Royals are at present undergoing squadron training. Capt. Grant commands Head Quarter Squadron. The Regiment was inspected around the middle of June by General Harman, Inspector of Cavalry. General Harman commanded the 1st Cavalry Division, to which the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was attached during the late war.

Lieut.-Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., R.C.D. (R.O.) is staying at the Cavalry Barracks, and is acting as polo master for the "A" Squadron, R.C.D., Polo Club.

"D" Coy., R.C.R., left St. Johns on June 15th for Canaught Ranges, where they will undergo company training and fire their annual musketry, after which they will remain at the ranges on duty in connection with the C.S.A.S. They are not expected to return until the middle of October. Captain Nicholls, M.C., is in charge of the company. Captain R. E. Balders, M.C., is remaining at the Cavalry Barracks until June 22nd, on which date he is proceeding to camp at Levis, P.Q., for duty in connection with an infantry camp school which will be held there.

On conclusion of the Victoria Day Sports, the officers of the Cavalry Barracks were at home to their friends at a "Thé Dansant," held in the Officers' Mess. About fifty guests were present, including Mrs. C. J. Armstrong, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. S. M. Perry, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. Chasse, Major and Mrs. W. Neilson, Lt.-Col. W. H. Muirhead, Lt.-Col. A. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. John Savoy, Miss Robert, the Misses Duval, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lomme, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Cameron, Mr. V. Cleary, Miss Poulin, Mr. Paul Savoy, and others. The guests were received by Mrs. D. B. Bowie, assisted by Mrs. R. E. Balders, Mrs. M. Drury,

Mrs. H. Salmon, Mrs. J. V. Williams, and Nursing Sister Wylie, R.R.C.

The Sergeants' Mess were also "at home" after the sports for an informal "stag" reception. Several honorary members and friends and the members of the St. Johns Band were invited.

A dance was held in the Men's Mess on the evening of May 24th. A goodly number of guests were present and music was furnished by the Barracks Orchestra.

Major F. Sawers, M.C., spent several days in Ottawa about the first of the month, in connection with the organization of a cavalry camp school for the P.L.D.G.

Lieut. R. C. Clark, R.C.R., is at present on leave, pending retirement. He is proceeding to his home in Victoria, B.C., on a short visit, after which he will take up his residence in Montreal, where he is to be employed by the firm of Greenshields Limited, stock-brokers. Although Mr. Clark has only been in St. Johns for about six months, he will be greatly missed. During his stay he has taken a prominent part in the sporting life of the Barracks, especially in boxing and football circles. We wish him every success in the future.

Colonel Claude Hill, D.S.O., from National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, and Mrs. Hill, are spending a few days in Barracks, the guests of Capt. and Mrs. R. E. Balders.

Since our last number the strength of the squadron has been decreased by the discharge by purchase of Tpr. R. S. Cross. The following recruits have been enlisted: Tpr. H. Smith, Tpr. W. Jones, and Tpr. A. Mauchan. The latter is a son of the late Q.M.S. A. Mauchan, R.C.E. He was a member of the Victoria Athletic Club of Verdun, P.Q. hockey team, which played home-and-home games with us last season, and he should be a most useful addition to our hockey team next year.

During the recent squadron training the squadron proceeded in marching order on two short treks, one to Chambly, where the troops were given an opportunity of visiting the fort, and one to St. Paul de Ille-aux-Nois, where the troops were also given an opportunity to row over and view Fort Lennox on Ille-aux-Nois.

Now that squadron training is

completed, and that it has been announced definitely that the squadron is not to proceed to camp for regimental training at Niagara, it is possible to give a short summary of our expected activities during the summer.

Militia Camp. — The Annual Cavalry Camp School for Military Districts Nos. 4 and 5 is being held as usual at St. Johns, commencing on June 19th and terminating on July 4th. Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., will be Camp Commandant. The following units will be represented in camp: 7th Hussars, commanded by Lt.-Col. J. R. McLeod; 17th D.Y.R.C.H., commanded by Lt.-Col. L. McM. Hooker, and the E.T.M.R., commanded by Lt.-Col. J. R. Wilcox. Details will also be present from No. 5 Section, C.A.V.C., and the 3rd and 4th Troops, C.C.S. Qualifying courses will be given for cavalry certificates. Candidates for these certificates will be divided into junior and senior groups; the senior group with Major F. Sawers, M.C., as instructor, and S. M.I. (W.O. 1) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.), Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown, R.C.D. (I.C.), as assistant instructors, qualifying for field officers and captains certificates. The junior group, with Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., as instructor, and Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M., R.C.D., and Cpl. J. E. Lacerte, R.C.D., as assistant instructors, qualifying for lieutenants and N.C.O.'s certificates. A course for veterinary officers will be held under the supervision of Col. M. A. Piche, V.D., R.C.A.V.C. A farriers' course under the instruction of Farrier Q.M.S. C. H. Hill, R.C.D.; signalling instruction under C.S.M.I. J. Carruthers, R.C.C.S. (I.C.), and Sgt. A. Neeves, R.C.D.; proficiency in riding course under Cpl. W. E. McKerrall, R.C.D. Instruction will also be given on adjutant's duties. Each unit will spend a day at the miniature range for musketry practices, under the supervision of S.M.I. (I.C.) O. 1) C. E. Brown, R.C.R. (I.C.) The camp will as usual be situated south of the Barracks on the banks of the Richelieu river, the officers messing in the R.C.D. officers' mess, and the other ranks messing in marquees, with cooking under their own unit arrangements. It is expected that a sports day will be held on the afternoon of Dominion Day, July 1st.

The following will comprise the camp staff:

Camp Commandant, Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., etc.

Chief Instructor, Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D.

Camp Adjutant, Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.

Camp Supply and Transport Officer, Captain M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C.

Camp Medical Officer, Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.

Camp Veterinary Officer, Col. M. A. Piche, V.D., R.C.A.V.C.

Camp Sgt.-Major, S.S.M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.

Camp Q.M. Sergeant, S.Q.M.S. J. Snape, R.C.D.

Camp Orderly Room Sergeant, J. Boisseau, C.M.S.C.

Militia Staff Course—A party of 14 other ranks is proceeding to Lennoxville, P.Q., for duty in connection with the militia staff course.

Polo—It is expected to play a series of two games against the officers from the American army post at Fort Ethan Allan, Vermont. The American team is playing the Montreal Polo Club on Saturday, July 3rd. They will trek to St. Johns on the 4th, rest up for a day, and play our team on the afternoons of the 6th and 8th of July. During their stay in St. Johns the American officers will be quartered in the Officers' Mess.

Annual Musketry — We have been allotted the ranges at Point-aux-Trembles from July 11th until August 7th. The squadron will proceed to the ranges in three parties during this period.

Sports — In view of the large number of men who will be absent from the station for various periods during the summer, it is expected that the horses will have an easy time and be given plenty of opportunity for grazing. We also hope to arrange for polo games with the Montreal Polo Club, perhaps a trip to Cobourg, and in the fall take part in the polo tournaments at Fort Ethan Allan, Vermont. A baseball game has been arranged here for Sunday, June 27th, against the Canadian Grenadier Guards, of Montreal, and arrangements are under way for home-and-home baseball games with a team from Fort Ethan Allan.

Captain M. H. A. Drury and Sgt. Instr. G. C. Hopkinson, R.C.D. (1. C.) are detailed for duty at the cavalry camps in Sussex, N.B., from June 24th until July 3rd, and at Prince Edward Island from July 6th until July 14th. Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., and two N.C.O.'s will be detailed for the cavalry camp at Aldershot, N.S., commencing August 30th.

OBITUARY

O'Neill—On June 1st, 1926, Annie Buller, beloved wife of Thos. J. O'Neill. Funeral from her late residence, 2895 St. Dominique St., Saturday, June 5th, 1926, at 10 a. m. English papers please copy. (Montreal Daily Star)

"The Goat" joins with all ranks of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., in expressing sympathy to Tpr. O'Neill in the death of his mother.

Memoirs of Le Mesge

Freddy Powell's letter in "The Goat" proved most interesting, so much in fact, of the sort of thing we want, that I am going to attempt to relate an incident that may interest your readers.

Barber and myself, both of "C" Squadron, were, as usual, bivvying together in that choice spot called Le Mesge. One night the weather so forgot itself as to quit raining, so, with the determination to make the most of it, we set out for Piquigny, some six kilometres away. The weather had made us very optimistic and we looked forward to our visit in an adventurous spirit for two reasons. First, fortune had smiled on us and we had cleaned up a few shekels on the old Mud Hook, and secondly, Piquigny was out of bounds.

Arriving at our goal we removed our badges for safe-keeping, because we had cause to remember that our Brigade Police had very sharp eyes. We entered the best-looking estaminet in sight and partook of several refreshers. A very old and wise soldier told us that it was possible but very improbable to buy a bottle of Rhum Negrita at a certain epicerie. This was cheering, so we made for and reached the place just as they were closing. Naturally they feared to break orders and refused to serve us, but we had a stunt that never failed to work. In rotten French we explained to the old couple in charge that we were French-Canadians. This they questioned, as our French was really awful, but their suspicions were easily overcome by explaining the intricacies of the true French-Canadian patois. The old lady quickly warmed to us and in a burst of confidence said she did not like the English a bit. This almost spoiled everything, for Barber hailed from Manchester. He was a gentleman, however, and did not question the sincerity of my agreement with her. Our graphic picture of the miserable quarters at Le Mesge did the trick, and we got our rhum.

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As we strolled down the main street we noted (for future use) several signallers' bicycles in the lane alongside an official-looking house. A little further on we fell in with two French soldiers with whom we fraternized for a couple of hours in their billets. The exchange of drinks was simple, but the exchange of opinions proved difficult. We found their army issue of red wine to be palatable and very potent.

We took an affectionate farewell of our friends and set out looking for adventure. Just on the outskirts of the town our curiosity was aroused by the sight of a long flight of stairs, so long that in the darkness we could see no end of them. Here was good reason for investigation. Climbing the stairs we came to an open porteullis. It was inviting, but we took our bearings before entering. This gate was the only visible opening in an exceedingly high wall surrounding a huge, vague-looking building. It was too dark to decide just what it was but we supposed it to be some ruined castle and followed up with the investigation. We came to a door. It was locked, but the simultaneous action of two feet scientifically applied removed the obstruction. We found ourselves in a wide lofty hall. After a brief in-

spection we found one door opening on stairs that led downwards, another leading to a kind of quadrangle, and a broad flight of steps leading up. Arranged close to the door leading to the quadrangle were six bundles neatly arranged in a row. Each bundle contained an oilskin coat and a sou'-wester. This discovery proved the place to be occupied and caused us to be somewhat wary, but after sizing up the situation we decided to explore the cellar, especially as a sort of winey odor hung about the door. The place was pitch dark. Groping our way to the bottom, we lighted a match and to our joy found it was indeed a wine cellar. Searching hopefully through our pockets, Barber at last resurrected an inch of candle. What a sight disclosed itself. The place was full of wine casks. Many were already tapped. A drip-can made an excellent cup and we proceeded to sample the wines of France. Possibly we had been there five minutes when a cough interrupted our devotions. Cautiously we ascended the stairs and found ourselves confronted by a monk with a lantern in his hand. "Qui va la?" he exclaimed. We made no reply and he backed away as we proceeded in his direction. Picking up a slicker apiece from the row of

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neat bundles, we lost no time in retiring from this monastery and soon found ourselves at the forked roads, one of which lead back to Le Mesge. We had proceeded about one hundred yards in the direction of camp and, not feeling quite enthusiastic about the long walk, sat down to review the situation. Apparently the monastery wine of which we had so freely partaken was taking a firm hold upon us, for we concocted a bold scheme to avoid this discomfort. Barber was to remain in charge of the oilskins while I went back for one of the signallers' bicycles. If unsuccessful in this I was to borrow two of the horses belonging to the 7th D.G.'s who were located a short distance away.

No danger was attached to the procuring of a bicycle. I had no difficulty in navigating alone but with Barber hanging on behind progression was impossible. Try as I would the machine would persist in heading for the ditch. Discarding the bike we decided for the horses. Getting nowhere by argument, we tossed for it, and, to Barber's disgust, I won. A walk of fifteen minutes brought me to the village in which the 7th were located. I had already decided that one horse would be ample. Keeping well in the shadows, I turned into the first gate that presented itself and noticed six horses tied to a line in the farm-yard. No sign of a picquet, so, after waiting for about five minutes, I untied the likeliest-looking moke, made an emergency bit out of the halter rope, mounted, and moved off. It was almost too easy. Reached the spot where we had parted. The oilskins were there but no Barber. I shouted myself hoarse without result. Supposing he had gone back to camp I made off myself in that direction. Nothing deterred me, and Le Mesge was reached without mishap. Headed my long-faced friend for home and made for my bivvy. Quite expected to find Barber there, but he hadn't shown up. There was to be an exercise ride next morning under Mr. Le-Mesurier. I was stableman that day. As the boys were getting ready my troop sergeant wanted to know where Barber was. Told him we had been out together the night before, had lost each other, but was sure he would show up. His absence was not reported, for Barber was rather a favourite with us. As luck would have it the ride moved along the main Piquigny road. Upon their return I was delighted to see friend Barber with the rest of the squadron.

It appears that he had crawled under a hay stack close to where I

had left him and fallen asleep. On his way back to camp in the morning he spotted the ride. Judiciously waiting until the head of the ride had passed, he mounted one of the lead horses and that was the end of that.

The horse haunted me for a few days. He stuck around the lines and refused to budge. As he had sand cracks nobody wanted him. Finally the Divisional Police picked him up and that ended the episode.

Wishing you and "The Goat" every success, and with greetings to the boys I know,

Yours truly,

Alexander Turner.

Toronto Garrison Military Tournament.

The Toronto Garrison Military Tournament commenced with the evening performance of May 19th and was highly successful. Owing to inclement weather on the first night the Coliseum was not completely filled, but vacant seats were few in number. It was undoubtedly the biggest affair of its kind that has been staged for over fifteen years. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the Coliseum was filled to capacity.

The musical drive by the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery proved to be one of the great attractions and undoubtedly delighted the public.

"B" Company, The Royal Canadian Regiment, gave a very good account of themselves in the manner in which they carried out the rather unique form of company drill; no word of command being used, the various rifle or drill movements being performed to the blast of a whistle.

The Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College received well-merited applause for their various displays.

The various Non-Permanent Active Militia units of the Toronto Garrison carried out their portions of the programme in a very able manner.

"B" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, carried out a musical ride. It was remarked that the two main figures previously in the ride, viz, the star and the spiral, were omitted. New movements were produced, also the lance exercises.

A miniature night attack was carried out by the Canadian Field Artillery, Canadian Engineers, 1st C.M.G. Bn., Queen's Own Rifles, and the C.A.M.C. This was es-

pecially well staged and Colonel Russell, D.E.O., M.D. No. 2, and his staff, who were responsible for the supervision and stage effects, deserve a great deal of credit.

The preparation for the tournament entailed numerous fatigues and the personnel of the units at Stanley Barracks deserve great credit for the willing and cheerful way in which they laboured. Even staff and employed men were called into action during the period the tournament lasted.

Tuesday, May 18th, was an especially busy day, as owing to unforeseen circumstances it became necessary to arrange for billets for seventy-five Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College. The large rooms over the west annex of the Coliseum were taken into use, and at 3 p.m. fatigue parties (R.C.D. and R.C.R.) commenced hauling the necessary stores from the ordnance. By six o'clock the billets, containing 75 beds, complete with bedding, had been drawn, transported and placed in position. The special train from Kingston carrying the R.M.C. Cadets and detachment R.C.H.A. arrived at 6.10 p.m.

The Royal Canadian Horse Artillery and the Royal Canadian Regiment bands were here for the tournament.

The Military Tournament provided some very interesting mounted competitions in which Stanley Barracks made an excellent showing.

Capt. Berteau's "Bucephalus," admirably ridden by Major Timmis on behalf of Capt. Berteau, who was laid up with a broken leg, won the "Stanley Barracks Cup." Major Timmis and Lieut. Chadwick, after a very pretty exhibition of pair riding, won the Officers' Pairs. S.S.M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C., and Cpl. Galloway, R.C.D., were first, and S.S.M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C., and Cpl. Blake, R.C.D., second in the N.C.O.'s Pairs. Lieut. G. E. Elliott, R.H.A., in winning the Dummy-Thrusting competition on Thursday night, gave a splendid exhibition. The results of the various results are appended:

Finals, Officers' Jumping, Saturday night: 1st, Major R. S. Timmis, R.C.D., on "Bucephalus"; 2nd, Lieut. O'Connor, G.G.B.G., on "Limerick"; 3rd, Lieut. W. G. Chadwick, R.C.D., on "Jerry"; 4th, Lt.-Col. R. Marshall, 48th Highlanders on "Great Heart."

The Stanley Barracks Cup was presented to Major Timmis by Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D.

Officers' Pairs—Saturday night—1st, Major Timmis, R.C.D., on "General Toby," and Lieut. W. G. Chadwick, R.C.D., on "Subalt-

ern." 2nd, Lieut. O'Connor, G. G.B.G., and Lieut. Elliot Bredin. 3rd, Lt. Col. Marshall, 48th Highlanders, and Lieut. King, 48th Highlanders, 4th, Major W. Rawlinson, G. G.B.G., and Capt. W. T. Bredin, G.G.B.G.

Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., presented the prizes for this event.

Dummy Thrusting — Thursday night—1st, Lieut. G. E. Elliot, R. H.A.; 2nd, Lieut. W. G. Chadwick, R.C.D.; 3rd, Lieut. E. C. Plow, R.C.H.A.; 4th, Lieut. G. G. Simpson, R.C.H.A.

N.C.O.'s Pairs—Saturday afternoon—1st, S.S.M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C., and Cpl. Galloway, R.C.D.; 2nd, S.S.M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C., and Cpl. Blake, R.C.D.; 3rd, S.M.I. Egglestone, R.C.H.A., and B.S.M. Belts, R.C.H.A.; 4th, Cpl. Galloway, R.C.D., and Tpr. Beatty, R.C.D.

V.C. Race—Saturday afternoon—1st, Gnr. Fox, R.C.H.A.; 2nd, Tpr. Murdoch, R.C.D.; 3rd, Tpr. Rainey, R.C.D.; 4th, L/Cpl. Stafford, R.C.D.

Lt.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.,
Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Dear Sir:—I am directed by the executive of the Toronto Garrison Military Tournament to thank you and the officers of Stanley Barracks for the beautiful cup which you so kindly donated for competition in the Officers' Jumping during the Tournament.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. Lessard,
Major-General,
Chairman, Executive, Toronto Garrison Military Tournament.
Toronto, June 1st, 1926.

Toronto, June 1st, 1926.

Lt.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Stanley Barracks.

Dear Sir: I have the honour, by the direction of the executive of the Toronto Garrison Military Tournament, to thank you for the great assistance given by all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons during the Tournament.

The N.C.O.'s and men composing the Ride showed themselves with faultless equipment and their horses were in the pink of condition.

Thanks are also due to those N.C.O.'s and men who assisted in taking the jumps in and out of the Arena, which work they did in the most efficient manner.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. Lessard,
Major-General,
Chairman, Executive, Toronto Garrison Military Tournament.

PRESENTATION TO MAJOR-GENERAL LESSARD, C.B., etc., AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT

During the Saturday evening performance, Major General Lessard, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Toronto Garrison Military Tournament, was presented with a beautiful silver flask by the executive committee, as a slight token of their appreciation of his excellent and efficient organising of the tournament.

The presentation was made by General Sir William Otter, K.C.M.G., etc., who referred to the splendid success of the tournament, due in such a large measure to General Lessard's untiring efforts. Sir William stated that this was one of the most pleasant duties he had been called upon to perform in many years. In a very touching way he pointed out that during the forty-odd years he had known General Lessard he had never known him to fail in anything he had undertaken.

General Lessard was lustily cheered by the audience.

The fact that the presentation was to be made was known only to a few, as it was feared that should the General know of it he would, in his usual self-effacing way, decline to appear in the ring. It was therefore decided to carry it out unexpectedly.

After the finals of the tug-of-war, General Lessard, who accompanied Mrs. Arthur Meighen into the ring to award the trophy for that event, was very much surprised when Major Stethem, who acted as his staff officer during the tournament, stepped in front and announced to the audience that prior to the presentation of the tug-of-war trophy, the executive committee had requested that General Sir William Otter should make a presentation to their chairman, Major General Lessard, as a slight token of their appreciation of his untiring efforts.

To say that the General was surprised would be expressing it very mildly.

The infantry recruit had been bullied for days on end by the sergeant. But his chance came while he was bungling through a musketry parade.

"It's about time you know what a fine sight was," said the sergeant. "Come, now, what is a fine sight?"

"A perfectly enormous boat," answered the recruit, "crammed full of sergeants, on fire, four hundred miles from land, in a hurricane, with no hope of rescue."

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BRAN MASH

We understand that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Decrepit Automobiles has congratulated "Tommy" Howe on getting his car to go without the aid of whip and spur.

On a recent long ride some unkind individual was heard to remark that the "Isle of Nuts" would be a very appropriate station for a number of the members of "A" Squadron.

It has been suggested that we have the makings of a good baseball team. We have splendid uniforms at least; all we need is something to fill them out.

Sgt. Neeves has been observed working hard after supper. We wonder why he takes such trouble for a pastime that hits his pocket so heavily.

One morning while practising dismounted action, a certain corporal who is rather "heavy" on his feet, was rather lax in handling over his horse. Evidently a case similar to that piece about the

Arab and his horse which begins: "My beautiful and noble——"

"Bob" Harris was heard to remark in the Sergeants' Dining Mess recently: "The poor ye have always with you, but me—" When is it coming off, Bob?

Now that the girls are all having their hair trimmed in the boyish manner, Cpl. Green, who scorns anything effeminate, has decided to let his flowing locks grow, providing the Sergeant-Major does not get wise.

Now that "Phat" is all the rage in the Corporals' Mess, the members are not in favour of Cpl. Bentley's method of locating the position of the ace of trumps. "Old Ben" believes that if one leads the eighteen wallah, the ace is almost bound to be forced out of his opponent's hand.

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Lightly turns to thoughts of love,"
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Soldiering

Foreword

By no stretch of the imagination can what follows be taken as a sort of history of the war as seen by myself. As a matter of fact the war itself will play a small part in my narrative. I shall record some of the impressions of soldiering gathered by myself during the war period. I beg your very kind indulgence, for many errors will be detected. I also ask those whose names are mentioned to take no offence where none is intended. This is not literature, merely something which, if it holds your interest for but a few minutes, will amply repay your very humble servant,

Fred W. Powell.

Augst, 1914.

Upon the declaration of war, being in Winnipeg, I almost immediately enlisted in the 6th Battn. Fort Garry Horse, and from then until 1918 life was a continual round of surprises. At the very commencement I was not greatly taken with the life of a soldier. It seemed altogether too "Boy Scoutish" for grown men, and I liked it not. It was difficult at first to endure the too many restrictions. My opinions underwent a decided change in a very short time, but I am speaking, remember, of August 1914. Like most men who make up their shortness of stature by a somewhat ridiculous pomposity, my dignity was outraged by what I considered were senseless regulations. It is pleasant to state here that we were offiltered by exceedingly enthusiastic men who most patiently bore our crass ignorance. Their cheerfulness in the face of all this stupidity was nothing short of amazing. At that time the general impression was that the war would be of short duration and for that reason our officers desired to fashion us into soldiers in the shortest possible time.

We quite saw the necessity for this but just the same did not seem to realize the need for physical fitness. In consequence the older men were never a bit keen about doubling around the parade ground until ready to drop from exhaustion. This afore-mentioned dignity suffered. You see, we were a bit stiff at the joints. The youngsters thoroughly enjoyed it but some of us found it trying, to say the least. That particular August was a hot one, which did not improve matters. We were all frightfully keen, however, and bore this imposition bravely. It had its

uses after all. For one thing it was the scene of never-ending joy to the many spectators who gathered daily to watch them turning us into soldiers. It afforded amusement to us also, and we quite gloried in the plight of those who were in a lesser degree of fitness than ourselves. We had with us a man decidedly fat and decidedly long past his first youth. "At ease" his breath came in unpleasant gusts, but after doubling around the parade ground a couple of times he evolved into a limp, wet, windless mass. To his credit it must be recorded that he stuck it bravely, for he had no use at all for this forced activity. I can still picture him endeavouring to squat on his haunches without tumbling over backwards, and I am sorry to say that he never once succeeded in this laudable ambition. Can you picture this fat man of forty hopping first on one foot and then on the other, without smiling? It was ludicrous. He was so fat, his legs were so short, and his movements lacked the finished grace of the athlete. Naturally we enjoyed the show of Bill doing his daily dozen. The originality of the army is shown in the sequel. Bill graduated to the culinary department and daily added to his girth and weight. He formed the cigar habit as his importance grew, so you may perhaps guess his surname by this clue. But what a waste of time and energy on the part of all. Bill in doing what he was opposed to, and the P.T. instructor in hoping to achieve the impossible. Poor old Bill, you amused me immensely. You know me not, for when you were the sergeant cook I was a very insignificant private. You meant well, but obviously nature did not intend you to be a Pavlowa. Just the same it struck me as being stupid in causing this middle-aged man to attempt the impossible. He could not skip like a ram neither obey the invitation of the instructor to "around me hop." In fact he was incapable of performing any of the many evil things devised by a cruel mind for the sole purpose of making the recruit hot and uncomfortable. Orders were orders, and Bill stuck it, but all his dignity vanished when, lying on his back, he hoped for better results but succeeded only in bringing his legs about three inches from the ground. That's enough of this.

Saluting

The importance of saluting was quickly forced upon us and became a subject of grave concern. It was so awkward. Many of my friends

had commissions. Those I liked it was a pleasure to salute. As for the others, well, I was not at all crazy about doing the necessary. Once again orders were orders. To fail to pay the proper mark of respect to the holder of the King's Commission was the most awful of crimes. Death seemed the only proper penalty for neglect of this custom. You must remember that I was terribly green. Did not mind saluting strangers a bit, but my friends were an altogether different matter. Always made me feel somewhat foolish. Just the same it also made me feel more of a soldier, this awkward movement of the arm in a very self-conscious manner. Strange part of it all is that I was still in full civilian attire. Later on saluting became a great bore, but just then I was anxious to be a good soldier and saluted on every possible occasion.

One being there was in the regiment who treated my respectful overtures with scant courtesy. Instead of returning the salute he would give me a sort of pitying smile and pass on his way. He seemed a very decent sort of a chap outside this, and was obviously important, as the many gold stripes on the bottom of his sleeve testified. That was no reason for him to disregard me completely, and I determined to have it out with him.

My friends in the R.C.D. will be surprised to hear that I would go out of my way to salute this man. No results beyond the same funny smile. I persisted and he resisted until, quite fed up, I stopped him and enquired why he did not see fit to return my salute, that was just as necessary on his part as the initial performance on mine. He could have been kinder, might have let me down easier, but even at that I was a long time finding out just what was implied by Quarter Bloke. This was somewhat humiliating, but worse was to come. My next saluting faux pas took place in Canterbury. We shared barracks with the 3rd Dragoon Guards and the Buffs and it was naturally expected that we do all possible to show up well before these frankly critical "Imperials." Orders concerning saluting were very strict. Before marching off to guard and see that none walked off with the main gate, we were impressed with the deadly importance of paying proper compliments to officers. The guard must turn out to all above the rank of Major. If I am not quite right here, forgive me, please. So much water has passed under the bridge since last I did a guard. Anyway, here was I pacing my beat, positively hunting for officers to

salute. This was my first appearance as guard at the main gate. I did quite a deal of saluting but it proved a thankless and monotonous occupation. Most of them seemed not a bit anxious to know me, and a few waggled their stick in a friendly manner. Presently, coming along the other side of the road, was something in khaki I had never seen before. Clearly he was an officer of some sort. Positively not a lieutenant, neither a captain, nor a major; what on earth was he? Deeming it better to be safe than sorry, I yelled "Guard, turn out," and we gravely presented arms to the Bandmaster of the 3rd D.G.'s, a warrant officer. He was visibly touched with this signal honour and came over to congratulate us on being the very limit when it came to absolute stupidity. He was not a bit nice. This impression deepened when, after belittling our intellects for this departure from all army precedents, he rated us soundly for not addressing him as "Sir." What a curious army!

I am going too fast though. Upon joining I expected to be immediately rigged out as a soldier and couldn't understand why they should be so stingy with their uniforms. The original members of the regiment were exceedingly smart in their red tunics, chain epaulettes, sword belts, leather leggings, etc., and I was frightfully keen to give the people of Winnipeg a treat by appearing in the role of a clanking, swaggering cavalryman. They were deaf to my entreaties, and I was still in civilian clothing when we left the city. Oh, yes, I did have something. They gave me a white brassard which was worn either on the left or right sleeve—I forget which. This did not impress the people very much, however. We were fortunate in having a really good regimental band and the route marches proved quite popular. The truth must be told. All of us were more or less vain. We like to be able to swank a bit, and that is why I was so terribly anxious to at least get a red coat. I once found a tunic lying around. It was just my size. Intended wearing it until my attention was called to the crown upon the sleeve. They thought me somewhat premature, and also suggested that the S.S. M.'s tunic did not seem to exactly fit in with grey trousers.

(To be continued)

"Did you put your clock back on Sunday night?"

"No; we were so hard up we had to put ours back months ago"

The South Shore Country Club Horse Show.

By Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.

The writer had the opportunity to see the first open-air horse show the other day at the South Shore Country Club and thought that readers of "The Goat" might be interested to hear about it.

The South Shore Country Club is situated on the lake front, on the south side of Chicago, and is the most palatial I have ever seen. The club house itself is on the colonial type of architecture and is simply enormous, really more like a hotel than a club. There is a separate club house for the golfing enthusiasts, stables, tennis courts, and a lovely golf links. The horse show was held in an open air arena, well laid out and beautifully decorated. The events were run off on schedule and the whole affair was very well run from start to finish. The show commenced on Tuesday evening, June 8th, and finished on Saturday afternoon, June 12th, with afternoon performances on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Towards the end, weather conditions impeded the progress somewhat, a severe thunderstorm on Friday afternoon and evening forcing the postponement of several events.

It would be exceedingly difficult to describe the array of talent exhibited by individual classes, but seldom have I been fortunate enough to witness keener competition or more beautiful horses than were shown during the two performances I had the good fortune to witness. Entries were numerous in the saddle classes, harness classes, jumping and five-gaited classes, and no more perfect specimens of the thoroughbred would want to be seen. If there was one thing that impressed me most it was the poor exhibition of riding put up by those competing in the jumping events. For professional riders, as most of them were, their exhibitions were mediocre, to say the least, and for the most part the rider was simply a passenger. On Friday afternoon, in the Amateur Touch-and-Out Class, over a water-soaked course, a youngster of 12 years, George Strom Jr., won the event with a clean performance, by using a little headwork and his whip when he felt his horse hesitate. The least said about the other performances the better, though the one exception was that of Capt. Dirk Van Ingen, who rode

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with all the skill of a cavalry officer.

Among the winners at the show were Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Otto W. Lehmann, E. J. Lehmann, Mrs. J. D. Hertz, George A. Strom, Mrs. W. P. Roth and Frank Adair. The best horse in the show was adjudged to be Milady Minton, owned by Frank Adair, of Atlanta, Ga., while the \$1,000.00 five-gaited stake went to Chief of Longview, owned by Mrs. W. P. Roth, of Chicago whose horse, Edgeware Marvel, also won the \$1,000.00 harness horse stake. Milady Minton captured the \$1,000.00 three-gaited saddle class, while the \$1,000.00 Hunter stake went to Banter, owned by B. L. Behr, of Chicago. The favourite old-timer "Lansdowne" performed in his usual clever style but was not quite good enough to get in the money.

Next week the Spur and Saddle Club hold their open-air show, which will be followed by one at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

At a Jewish wedding everyone was happy except the bride's father. Asked why he was so gloomy, he replied, "Vell, it don't seem right dat I have to give Rachel away."

BRAN MASH

Customer (angrily): "When you sold me this medicine you said it would cure me in a night"
Chemist (suavely): "Yes; but I didn't say which night."

Kindly Old Lady—"My poor man, was there no one to stretch out a hand to you?"

Convict — "Yes, mum; that's how they got me."

He was dozing merrily. Beside him sat a beautiful young girl. The little scapegrace bit o' breeze, skipping and flitting through the trolley swept the young one's silk kerchief across to the young man and hung it there on his belt.

She looked longingly.

He woke suddenly.

And with eyes half-closed saw something white gleaming on his belt. Blushing furiously, for he perceived where her somewhat wistful gaze was directed, he pretended to doze off again—in the meantime stuffing the offending bit down his pants.

With fiery indignation she glared daggers and pistols at him and then a look of moody resignation flooded her face as she descended at Main street.

—Southern California Wampus.

Correspondence.

387 Tweed Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Am delighted with the two copies of "The Goat" received to date, hence the enclosed subscription fee so I will not miss a copy. I have already received a letter from A. B. Martin, of "B" Squadron, through seeing my name in "The Goat," and no doubt dozens of others have had the same good fortune to get in touch with old comrades.

Best wishes for "The Goat" and its many readers.

I remain,

Yours for success,

B. J. Akerstream.

(Ackie, 648, "B" Sqd.)

May 20th, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Having enjoyed and appreciated your excellent monthly for a considerable period in the past, it is with a feeling of extreme regret that I take up my pen to voice my complaints about the standard of the jokes now provided in "The Goat." One in particular is most offensive, especially to my nostrils; is it the sixth joke on page 23? I may add that it caused me extreme embarrassment, for on the day of publication I was sitting on a very comfortable Chesterfield with "The Goat" on my knee and a lady at my side, being vastly entertained by it ("The Goat" of course), when lo and behold! we both (the lady this time) happened upon this oft-mentioned offensive joke, causing, as I have said, a most painful and embarrassing deadlock.

I admit had I been alone I would most likely have considered it a rare one, but as it happened I felt extremely ill at ease until at least three more drinks had been passed.

By the way, have you heard the definition of a WOW? No? Well, a wow is a girl who doesn't very often, but when she does—WOW!

I have the honour to sign myself, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

General Nuisance, P.D.Q.,
S.O.L., etc.

May 31st, 1926.

139 Mansfield Street,
Montreal, Que.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—A few days ago, while in conversation with our former comrade-in-arms, Mr. F. W. Powell, he displayed a copy of the regimental monthly, "The Goat," and suggested that I subscribe for

same. I am, therefore, enclosing one dollar, which I understand is the annual subscription rate, and trust that you will, in due course, favour me with regular copies of "The Goat."

Wishing you every success, I am,
Yours very truly,

G. A. Cannon.

June 4th, 1926.

47 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I hasten to enclose herewith postal note for \$1.00 covering subscription to "The Goat" for a year from the date of the expiration of my last subscription. I regret the delay in this matter, due to not noticing that my subscription had expired until the other day. If this occurs again next time I would appreciate a line from you drawing it to my attention, so that I will not be on your books as an overdue account.

I was sorry that the Annual Officers' Dinner did not eventuate this year ad particularly so as it usually is the occasion for our getting together, which, due to our individual locations, alas, does not occur very often.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

Harold D. Warren.

June 1st, 1926.

Ismailie, Egypte.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I hope you have not forgotten me altogether, but I am afraid you thought I had forgotten to send my subscription. I apologise for the delay, for which I am not going to claim any better excuse but mere laziness.

The last number I received was dated March, and if you have not yet stricken my name off the list I would be glad to get the April and May numbers. I should not like to have a gap in the series of the paper. It is always a treat for me to get "The Goat" and meet again with so many names which bring back to the memory such a lot of friendly reminiscences.

I am only sorry—if I may mention it—that you stopped publishing "My War Diary" with the January number, when the R.C.D. were in the Mesdin district. It was just a few weeks later that I joined the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, the day when the R.C.H.A. left Blougy-S-Fernoise for the Abbeville district. I was anticipating the pleasure of following the movings and doings of the Brigade in the "War Diary" when I myself was part of it. If this war diary is ever to be printed, I beg

of you to be kind enough to see that a copy is sent to me, C.O.D.

With kindest regards to all who may remember me, I am, dear Drury,

Very sincerely yours,
Guy d'Etchegoyen

2 Triller Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Enclosed is cheque for year's subscription. Accept the cheque, my apologies for its tardy appearance, and my compliments on the class of paper you are editing. So many of these regimental rags are so truly rags that it is a relief to find "The Goat" as it is.

I was in 4th Troop, "B" Sqn., in France under "Old Matty" and "Willie off the Pickle-Boat"—that's Willie Aisthorpe—now a disciple or something high like that. Where he got the "Pickle-Boat" name I don't know.

I should be amply repaid by "The Goat" if it could only locate Jim Roberts, of the old 4th Troop. He was a Welshman, and in spite of it was one of the finest I have ever known. I owe him a quid, and it's the only debt I would ever "go all the way" to pay. But I want to pay this. He loaned it to me when I left the regiment in France to go to Angleterre to fly, and by Croist I went and forgot him.

O well, good-bye and good luck.
(How different that sounds).

Yours,

Ernest G. Simpson.

June 2nd, 1926.

Ed. note—We are sorry we cannot give the requested address as this man is not on our books. Referred to readers.

417 Metcalfe Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

June 1st 1926

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I take much pleasure in renewing my subscription to "The Goat."

Have just returned from eight months in Miami, Florida, and while there always looked forward eagerly to the arrival of your spritely journal, which continues to improve, and, in my opinion, becomes more interesting as time goes on.

I hope Major Nordheimer will not allow his new activities in Chicago to interfere with his frequent contributions to the paper.

With best wishes for continued success,

Yours very truly

W. GEOFFREY WILLIAMS

62 Henry Street,
Hempstead, N.Y.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Allow me, through the columns of "The Goat," to thank the N.C.O.'s and men of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., on the cordial welcome I received on my visits to the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on June 1st and 3rd last. It reminded me of the old winter days of January, 1920, when "A" Squadron returned to St. Johns. Of course, there are only a few "old timers" left, and I am sure they remember the good old days.

On my arrival back in New York on the morning of June 4th, I felt the effects of the fresh clear air which stimulated me the night previous to that date. The only regret I had was that I was unable to import any of it with me to the U.S.A. for the morning after the night before.

Nevertheless, I hope to pay you another visit in the near future.

Respectfully yours,

Albert J. Martin.

(Ex-Trooper, R.C.D.)

OWED TO KNEEZES

Knees to the right of us,
Knees to the left of us,
Knees crossed in front of us,
How they display 'em!

On they go trippingly,
Daintily, skippingly,
Winds biting nippingly
Fail to dismay 'em.

Round knees and flatter ones,
Thin knees and fatter ones—
Mostly the latter ones—
Everywhere listed;

Straight and contorted ones,
Queerly distorted ones,
Mates and ill-sorted ones,
Comically twisted.

Bare knees and bony ones,
Real knees and phoney ones,
Silk-covered tony ones,
Plump and beguiling;

Pale knees and painted ones,
Nice knees and tainted ones,
Queerly, unacquainted ones,
Onward go filing.

Gay knees and sad ones,
Good knees and bad ones,
Warm, woolen-clad ones,
Taunting the breezes;

Knees to the right of us,
Knees to the left of us,
Knees crossed in front of us,
Often we've seed 'em;

Knees ever passing by,
Styles mounting to the sky,
Seem to exemplify
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Football spectators often use quaint phrases. At a junior game in England recently a follower of the game became annoyed at the lethargy exhibited by one of the players. "Come awa', man," he yelled; "dae'ye no see the polis lookin' at ye? Ye'll be taen up for loiterin'."

Writing Home.

(Continued)

Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, P.Q.,
June 12th, 1926

Dear Dad:—Well, the snow has went at last and the mud has dried up so this place is beginning to look fine. Last month we had our Sports Day, and believe me, I ain't ever worked so hard for sports in my young life. We had a dandy crowd and I was in a whole lot of events that I never heard of before, cause "Almighty Voice" come along and asks for entries but he puts all the new guys names down just the same for all the events what wasn't filled up.

I run and I jumped till I was all in, and then at the end I was in an obstacle race which was the worst of all. I guess it will be better next time, but Gee, it sure was hard on your favourite son what ain't never done no athletics except milking the cow back home. I am still learnin to ride but it ain't half so bad now, cause I have a swell moke and we go out now riding round the country and see something of the girls.

We had a dance here a few nights ago and Gee, Dad, I had a swell time. There is a guy here called Cailyer, who used to be with a French outfit at Quebec and he sure can decorate the old place when he gets started. There is a committee here what runs all the dances and the officer in charge is "The Dook," but he don't do so much work but kind of lends tone to the other guys what does the runnin of the show. This guy Cailyer is the whole works and he sure does get all the jobs. When he firsts starts in I was sent to give him a hand, seeing as how I had fixed up Si Perkins' store window back home. I guess this guy Cailyer is always asking to do somethink cause every now and then I hears a guy call "Do So, Do So," and I asks him what he has to do and finds out his name was Do So when he first hooked up with the outfit, but he changes it cause it got him isto lots of scrapes. Funny, eh, Dad? Back home I guess only the girls change their name.

Well, when the dance night comes around I was so fussed I was fit to be tied, cause I don't know any skirts and you know me, when I used to try and do the polka with Sis back home. We got the dance held in the jimnasium and shoves all the stuff out through a door and sweeps all the dirt under the platform where the orkestra plays.

Say, Dad, we got a real lot of jazz hounds here and they sure can play. There is a lady what plays the piano called Mrs. Sworeback and she sure can tickle the ivories. Then a guy called RodKnee blows the cornet and sometimes wren he eats onions his breath is so strong he got to put a felt hat over the end or the other guys would drop dead. We have another guy called Harrington what plays the saxophone grand, and the guy what drinks some of my booze when I first come here, Nobbie Ellis, hammers the drum. Well, Dad, we all goes over to the canteen and has a few hookers of beer to get our pep up and then we goes over to the Jim. Honest to Gawd, Dad, Ma wuld have had a fit if she could have seen the get-up some of them had.

I gets hold of a guy what I knows, cause I lent him a buck last week to bet on a horse what ain't come in yet, and arks him to give me a knock-down to some jane he knows. He says sure he will and takes me over to a long row of swell girls and one gives me the glad eye. He starts talking to a jane sitting next to the one I gets going fine with, and she sure was some girl. When I seed her I knows why his horse don't win no race. His pickin is turrible. Well, the Jazz Hounds start and I gets ready to take a whirl with Cutie when the guy says, "Well, Jim, dance with Miss Pudding now and don't talk to my girl all night." With that he takes the swell lookin jane and goes off, leaving me with the Battehelor's Fright. Can you beat that?

Well, after a while I gets my breath back and arks the jane to dance, but she says as how her hurt her toe and can't and would I mind sitting it out. Say, Dad, sitting it out was right, cause she don't open her mouth and I got nothing to say, so we just sat. After a while the dance is over and I beats it over to where Smart Alec is sitting and arks for my buck. He kind of looks sick and says to wait, he has a swell looking Jane for me, so I hangs around and sure enough he brings up a peach. We sit down and I starts to tell her all about myself and gets well warmed up when she looks at me and says: "Non compris, M'soo." I says, "How's that, Girlie?" and she says it again. Say, Dad, she was a Frenchie and I never knew it. Well, I thinks this is where I gets in my French what I learned at High School and I says to her, "Me parlez bon Francais, Kid." She says, "Oui, M'soo," and I says, "Voulez-vous danceez avec meh?" Say, Dad, that went over grand

and when the Ellis Quintette starts up again I gets up and grabs her and we begin. Gosh, Dad, I was that scared I got all hot and cold. She was so small and kept lookin at me kind of funny and she had some kind of elegant-smelling stuff that was just grand. I gets all exited and says, "Voulez-vous promenez avec meh?" and she says to me, "Pa maint along" or something like that. Can you see me taking a Jane for a walk with her Dad, but these Frenchies are queer. Well, Dad, I was all taken back and was just going to tell her that I didn't want her Pa, when up comes one of those sleek sargents and babbles a lot of lingo to her, and she gives me the air. Can you beat that?

Well, Dad, it is time to grub, so I will close till next time. Hoping you are well and the cow is better.

Your loving son,

JIM.

GARRISON RIFLE ASSOCIATION

The under-mentioned prizes were awarded to members of the Garrison Rifle Association by the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association:

Highest individual score on team, silver vase, Q.M.S.I. Brown.

Spoons — Special — Aggregate score 95%, Q.M.S.I. Brown.

2nd Class — Aggregate score 85%, Sgt. Langley.

Summer Programme

It is intended to have a squadron team compete at the D.C.R.A. annual competition at Ottawa in August. In order to select the team and get them in condition considerable practice on the range will be essential. The one obstacle is the distance (40 miles) that we have to travel to the range.

In order to overcome this the team will spend three days on the range, from the 13th to the 16th of June, and will also be able to get in considerable practice during annual musketry from July 12th to August 7th.

"Now, children, said the teacher, 'tell me the opposite of the word misery.'"

"Happiness," called the class.

"And of sadness?"

"Gladness."

"And of woe?"

"Gee-up!"

"Sport is indispensable for our health."

"But our forefathers didn't go in for sport."

"No—and they are all dead!"

On Strike Duty in England

London, Eng., May 18, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I have to thank you for the three copies of "The Goat" which I have received up to date. Enclosed please find my subscription for the year's issue.

May I congratulate you and your staff upon the excellent paper you are producing, which I am sure must be looked forward to by all ranks of the old regiment, both past and present. I always pass my copy on to Hughie Blair, late "A" and "B" Squadrons, who lives quite close to me, and we have some fine old yarns about the old days with the R.C.D. I would send you his address but for the life of me I can't remember it. However, he will be writing you soon, and I expect shall be for a good "telling off" when he hears I have written you without waiting for his collaboration. Desmond Deane is also in town, and is in what I always think was his first love — the theatrical profession. He was playing for many months with Miss Sybil Thorndike's company in "St. Joan," which made a great hit in London. I had a letter a short while ago from Umney, who used to be a S.S. corporal in "A" Squadron. He got my address from "The Goat," and wrote me a very nice letter, which I at once replied to. It is really very wonderful reading all the old names, and the front page illustrations are of immense interest. Those of Major Timmis and "Old Sim" pleased me immensely, and I hope this will be continued and will include such old friends (in the real sense of the word) as S. M. Leblond, S.M. Widgery, Major Steer, Major Medhurst, etc., and one could go on indefinitely quoting such distinguished names.

After four years hard work it may be of interest to you to know that now the Roehampton Riding School Ltd. have taken up my patent, and there is every chance of being able to bring it to a successful issue. This company is going to build the finest riding school in England, and will shortly be known as the National School of Equitation.

The directors were responsible for the first idea of special constabulary (mounted) and raised a troop which had the great privilege of being quartered at the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, during the late general strike. His Majesty the King, accompanied by

the Queen, visited us twice during our stay there. Upon the first occasion the King asked me my regiment, and when I replied, "Royal Canadian Dragoons, your Majesty," he thought for a minute and said, "I believe I am your Colonel, am I not?" I told him that was correct, and that the regiment was very proud of the honour. I accompanied their Majesties through the stables. On the farewell inspection His Majesty shook hands with several of the officers and myself. On the Wednesday H.R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught came to see us, and I was presented to him by Major Bonham, M.V.O., who is his equerry and who was serving with the unit. H.R.H. made many enquiries after the officers of the R.C.D. whom he had met in France and elsewhere, and asked me if I remembered when he inspected us at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

The general strike was a truly wonderful example of the way in which the British people accept such occurrences. The whole situation was handled by the police, reinforced by special constabulary, and no troops were employed except for the escort of large food convoys. Too much praise cannot be handed to everyone concerned, police, specials, volunteers on the various public services, and last, but not least, the ladies for the way in which everyone turned to and did their bit. In the Buckingham Palace troop of special mounted constabulary we had three peers, one baronet, and any amount of officers of all ranks, retired and on leave from India and other places, famous polo players, coaching men, and all sorts, in fact it was the old "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a millionaire," all over again, except that I did not discover any cooks' sons with us, but that expresses the spirit of the whole movement to defeat the general strike all through the country. Well, it had to come. Now the T. U.C. and all the anti-British elements that thought their time had come to govern the Old Country have tested the strength of the Government and the temper and loyalty of the people, and the result has been disaster for them, and a great triumph for law and order in supporting the King and the Constitution. I found my Canadian training as an instructor of the utmost value in doing troop sergeant-major to this unit, and am very proud to think that I handled the job to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, for the sake of the credit of the R.C.D. Hughie Blair joined up and helped me considerably in getting order out of chaos, and it was with

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considerable regret that I heard the order for demobilisation came through just as we were beginning to see the results of unlimited hard work and good-will on the part of the executive staff and all ranks. One of my directors, O. J. R. Saunders Esq., took over the duties of adjutant, which was certainly some job considering that no one knew anyone else, everyone had strange horses, no saddlery was marked, there were no kits issued, and no one was quite certain of his rank. However, it was a wonderful experience, and everyone, even the strikers, is glad it is all over.

Now, sir, I hope I have not bored you too much with this lengthy epistle, and I also hope that you can decipher the writing.

I can only conclude by sending my heartiest good wishes to all my old personal comrades and friends of the R.C.D., and by wishing yourself and "The Goat" long life and increasing prosperity with each number.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. J. DEE.

He: "Would you be very mad if I hugged you?"

She: "I should be simply furious! How dare you suggest such a thing! If you try anything like that I'll never speak to you again. Besides, this isn't a good place anyhow."

BRAN MASH

It was the first night of the great drama, "Saved by a Pin," and Orfool Howler, the famous tragedian, was to ill to appear. He wrung his hands as he thought of the effect of his non-appearance on the audience. In their frenzy they might even wreck the theatre.

Suddenly an inspiration came to him, and, seizing a telegraph form, he wired to his monager: "Too ill to appear. Give audience money back.—Orfool Howler."

Two hours later he got a reply. Eagerly he tore it open. What had happened? Had the audience rioted?

No! The telegram read, "Have given audience his money back, and he has gone home satisfied."

Employer: (to lads caught playing football) "What! Playing football during working hours? Do you get paid for this?"

Lads: "No, sir; we are only amateurs."

Mr. Crofty: "Just think, three hundred thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year."

Miss Softie: "Isn't it wonderful that they can train animals to do such work?"

Patient: "What do you think of a warm climate for me?"

Doctor: "My dear man, that's what I'm trying to save you from"

The Ormstown Spring Show.

The Annual Spring Live Stock Exhibition held at Ormstown, Quebec, is considered to be the best Canadian live stock show east of Toronto, and without a doubt ranks first insofar as their horse entries are concerned. Ormstown, situated in the county of Beauharnois, is a town of less than one thousand inhabitants, but it is in the heart of a wonderful live stock breeding centre, the farms in the vicinity all look prosperous, and the people of the community have all been brought up with a very high idea and respect for our friends, the horses. Too much credit can not be given to the association for the enterprising and efficient manner in which they run their exhibition. The fair grounds are ideally situated on the outskirts of the town, a first-class race track and grandstand, good barns for the cattle, sheep and swine, good administration and poultry buildings and a most up-to-date horse show. At the entrance to the grounds a most handsome stone gate has been erected by the county as a memorial to their soldiers who gave their lives in the Great War. The arena

would be a credit to any exhibition and cannot be equalled by any in eastern Canada, except at Toronto. It is a huge steel-frame building, with well-arranged seating capacity, and underneath the stands the built single and double stalls, equipped with running water, electric lights, etc., and so arranged that the exhibitor may come from his stalls directly into the arena without going out-of-doors.

The show commenced on Tuesday evening, June 8th, and was officially opened by Lient-General Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.B., etc., and the programme was so arranged to include trotting races and vaudeville during the afternoons on the race track in front of the grandstand. The arena was used for the judging of cattle in the forenoon and horses and cattle in the afternoon, and the evening programme consisted of the most interesting classes in the light horse class division and vaudeville. The last day of the show, Saturday, June 12th, was devoted entirely to motor car races on the track. The arena was well filled for every performance, and on Thursday night standing room was at a premium. Prof. Barton, of Macdonald College, acted as judge in the light horse classes.

Captain and Mrs. Drury and

Captain Hammond motored to Ormstown on Tuesday morning, where they stayed at Bradley's Hotel, a beautiful private residence about a mile from Ormstown, which formerly belonged to the late Col. McEachren, and has this year been turned into a summer hotel.

The horses were entrained at St. Johns on the evening of Monday, June 7th, and pulled out via C.N. R. during the early morning of the 8th, arriving in Ormstown about noon the same day. Arrangements had been made to load the horses in a palace horse car, and the railway were given twelve days notice in order to supply the car. About 3.30 p.m. on Monday we were informed that our palace horse car enroute for St. Johns had been left over at Belleville, Ont., and could not arrive in time for the shipment. Consequently, at this short notice, we had to alter our plans. The railway supplied an ordinary box-car, and lumber had to be procured, ad stalls constructed with the aid of a fatigue party by lantern light.

Our string of horses consisted of Mrs. Drury's brown gelding, "Prince Charming," Capt. Hammond's "Witchcraft" and "Jorrocks," and the old-timers, "Mickey," "Dolly" and "Polly." Tprs. Clark, Cowling and Brunelle ac-

companied them as grooms.

On Tuesday evening the first horse class of the show was for carriage of road horses, open to the district of Beauharnois only. There were seventeen entries in this class, each and every one being a credit to the district, and it must have been an exceptionally hard initiation for the judge. Our first class was for saddle horses suitable for carrying up to 150 pounds. There were nine entries in this class, first prize being awarded to Miss Viau's "Gold Rush," second and third to F. J. Boulais' "Silver Prince" and "Sapphire Prince," fourth to Captain Hammond on "Jorrocks," and fifth to Mrs. Drury on "Prince Charming." "Polly" was unplaced. The evening's performance concluded with a class for green hunters over hurdles. J. F. Boulais' "Greatheart" and Captain Hammond's "Witchcraft" both made perfect performances over the jumps, but on conformation "Greatheart" was awarded the red ribbon (first), and "Witchcraft" the blue (second). Captain Drury on "Mickey" was placed third, Miss Viau's "Gold Rush" fourth, and Captain Drury on "Dolly" fifth.

Wednesday afternoon we were not entered in any classes on the programme, but in the evening



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Mrs. Drury drove in the single carriage horse 15½ hands and under. Twelve horses were entered for this class and were placed as follows: Miss Viau's "Baby Rambler" and "Jule's Bell" first and second; F. J. Boulais' "Hillside Verona" third; D. J. Greig's "Queenie" fourth, and Mrs. Drury's "Prince Charming" fifth. We had three entries, "Witchcraft" and "Polly," ridden by Capt. Hammond, and "Dolly," ridden by Capt. Drury, in the high jump. Miss Viau also had three entries, and William Cullen one, in this event. But all scratched with the exception of the R.C.D.'s. "Polly" was eliminated early in the contest, and after "Dolly" had failed three times on the five foot ten mark, "Witchcraft" easily cleared. Captain Hammond, therefore, won a very handsome cup given for the highest jumping horse of the show. The only class on Thursday afternoon that we were in was for saddle horses carrying over 150 pounds. There were ten entries. From the moment that "Mickey" entered the ring, ridden by Capt. Drury, he put up a faultless performance and was awarded the red ribbon, Miss Viau's "Beaufort" second, and Tpr. Clark, riding "Dolly," third; Captain Hammond, riding "Witchcraft," who was feeling fresh and performed badly, fourth; and J. F. Boulais' "Evans" fifth.

The Thursday evening performance opened with a class for horses in tandem, saddle. We had originally only entered one pair "Witchcraft" and "Polly," in this class, but during our last few days schooling at Barracks, decided to make two post entries, the two blacks, "Mickey" and "Dolly," and "Jorrocks" and "Prince." This proved to be one of the prettiest classes of the show and was won by F. J. Boulais' "Sapphire Prince" and "Silver Prince," ridden and driven by Mr. Wm Wray, of Montreal, whilst Tpr. Clark, riding "Jorrocks" and driving "Prince Charming," was second, defeating the old-timers "Witchcraft," "Polly," "Mickey" and "Dolly." This class was the cause of considerable discussion amongst the exhibitors and spectators in regard to the correct paces required by the horses in tandem. Mr. Boulais' lead horse trotted at all times, whilst the rider's horse cantered. We had schooled our horses to conform with each other at the walk, trot, and canter. In order to settle this point for our own information, a letter has been written to "The Rider and Driver," New York, for their ruling, and we hope to publish their reply next month. The

class for single horse driven by a lady was also one of the prettiest of the programme. There were eleven entries, and it was won by Miss Viau's "Jewel's Bell," the Mason Stables, of Malone, N.Y., were second; W. Scott Draper, of Compton, P.Q., "Seaton Stranger" third; J. F. Boulais' "Silver Prince" fourth, and Wm. Cullen, of Ormstown, fifth. "Prince Charming" was unplaced.

The evening concluded with a jumping class, open to military, police, or members of any hunt club in uniform or pink, performance only to count. There were five entries from the R.C.D., three from Miss Viau, and two from F. J. Boulais, which resulted in a win for Capt. Hammond on "Witchcraft," whilst Capt. Drury on "Mickey" and "Dolly" second and third; Miss Viau fourth; "Polly" and "Jorrocks" were unplaced.

Friday was our busy day, and in the afternoon Mrs Drury, with "Prince Charming," took part in the combination saddle and harness class, in which F. J. Boulais was awarded first and second, Miss Viau third, and Mrs. Drury fourth. In this class the performance put up by "Prince Charming" both in harness and under the saddle, was 100% perfect, and we rather think that this should more than have compensated for his lack of conformation, and placed him in a higher position. "Prince Charming" was laid up with flu' during the winter and consequently is a bit thin at present. This fact the judge seemed to hold against him, and quite rightly so, in every class. The next class was for saddle horses ridden by a lady, in which Mrs. Drury had intended to ride "Prince Charming," but as the same four horses who had just been placed ahead of him were also entered in this class, and on our entry we had named no special horse, we made a quick change and put Mrs. Drury up on "Mickey," on whom she was awarded second prize; the first was won by Mrs. Wray riding F. J. Boulais' "Silver Prince," third ribbon going to Miss Viau. The class for hunters over hurdles was won by Miss Viau, who gained points on conformation over Captain Hammond's "Witchcraft," who came second; Capt. Drury on "Mickey" was third; Capt. Hammond on "Polly" was fourth; "Dolly" was unplaced. This class was followed by pairs of hunters, conformation 25%, suitability of horses to each other 25%, and performance 50%, and Capt. Drury and Capt. Hammond, on "Mickey" and "Dolly" and "Witchcraft" and

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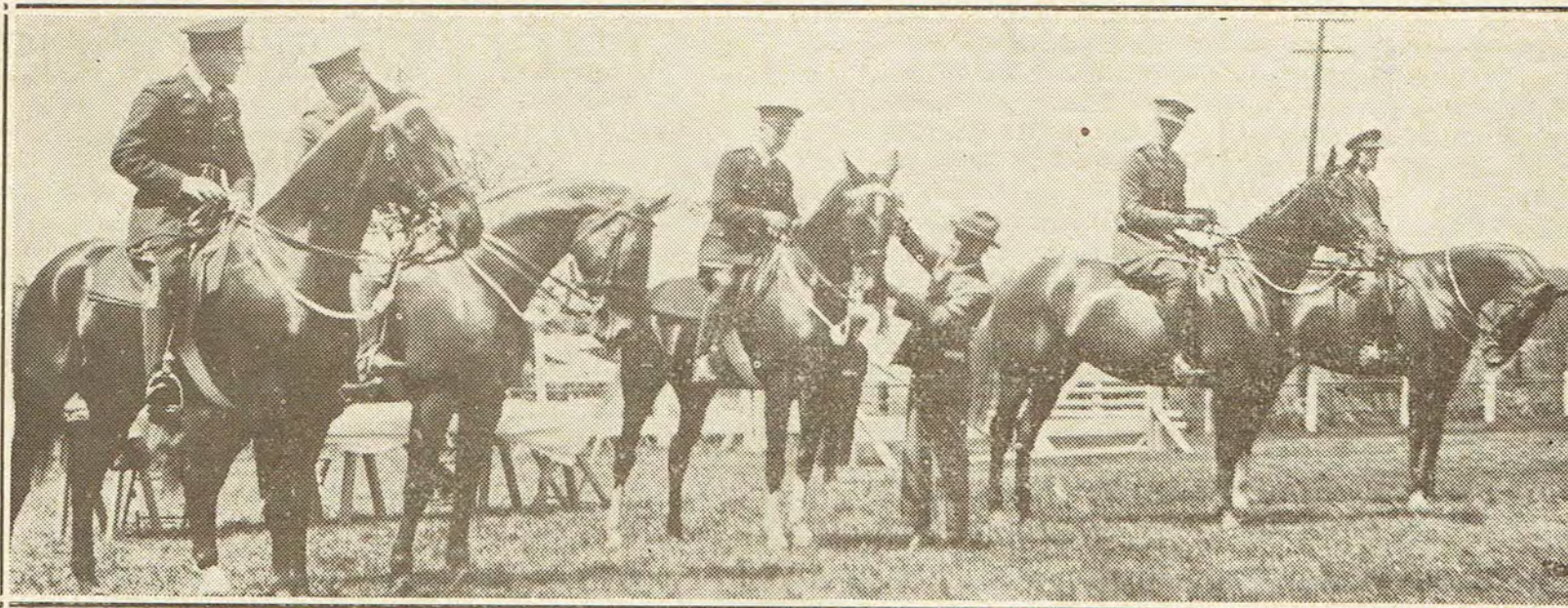
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"Polly" easily took first and second; Miss Viau's entries were third and fourth, and F. J. Boulais' entries unplaced. Only three horses were entered in the triple-bar, Capt. Drury on "Dolly," Capt Hammond on "Mickey," and Miss Viau's "Renrith." This class proved to be one of the hardest and most spectacular of the show. The jump was started at 6 feet broad, with the third bar 4 feet high, and the distance increased approximately 6 inches each time the jump was cleared. "Mickey" jumped consistently well, but as the distance increased "Dolly" and "Renrith" frequently had to make two or three attempts to clear. Finally Miss Viau's "Renrith" was eliminated, and "Mickey" followed suit. Then "Dolly," who had required three trials to clear the previous distance, sailed over like a bird to win the class; second place was awarded to Capt. Hammond on "Mickey," who had a clear performance up to the last jump. The total distance was measured as 10 feet 11 inches.

On Friday evening "Prince Charming" was entered in the single horse, or pony high stepper class. This was rather a nervy entry, and we knew beforehand

that we did not have a chance for a place. With "Lord Brilliant" and "Lord Radiant" Miss Viau took first and second; W. Scott's "Seaton Stranger" third, and Mason's Stables "Highball" was fourth. Capt. and Mrs. Drury, on the two blacks "Mickey" and "Dolly," easily won the class for pairs of saddle horses ridden by lady and gentleman. In this class performance counted 60%, and the pair worked like a machine, there hardly being a distance or interval of 6 inches between the two horses from the moment they entered the ring, during the walk, trot and canter, and until they lined up. The applause from the stand left the judge in no doubt that his award had been correct. Mr. and Mrs. Wray, on Boulais' entries, were placed second, and Joseph Anderson's entry third. In the class for mare or gelding not exceeding 15.2 shown to runabout with heavy harness, Mrs. Drury, with "Prince Charming," was placed fourth. This class called for some fairly fast driving, and Mrs Drury had the misfortune to lock wheels with Mr. Mason, of Malone, N.Y., in which she came off second best, breaking three spokes and ripping the tire from the wheel, and giving "Prince

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB, OPEN AIR HORSE SHOW



Showing Captain Hammond, R.C.D., mounted on his liver chestnut mare, "Witchcraft," receiving the blue ribbon in the Officers' Charger Class. Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., is the first officer on the left.

Charming" a nasty cut on the coronet. Fortunately this was her last class of the show, and a great deal of credit is due to both drivers that a more serious accident did not occur. The final event of the programme was wound up in a blaze of glory by the R.C.D. winning first, second and third in the open jumping; Capt. Hammond, on "Polly" with a clean performance, first; Capt. Hammond on "Witchcraft," and Capt. Drury on "Mickey" second and third, after a jump-off, each having had one tick on the first round; Miss Viau's "Juvena" fourth. "Dolly" and "Jorrocks" were unplaced.

During the week Mrs. D. B. Bowie, Mrs. C. O. Cameron, Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., and Lieut. R. C. Clark, from St. Johns, visited Ormstown and attended the show. Many members of the Montreal Hunt Club, including Col. and Mrs. A. T. Patterson, Miss Cowans, and Mr. Vincent, were also present.

The horses were loaded at Ormstown about 8.00 a.m., and did not arrive at St. Johns until about 12.30 midnight. Capt. and Mrs. Drury and Capt. Hammond returned by motor on Saturday afternoon.

The whole trip may be summed up as a highly successful one. Our entries worked well as a team, our prizes far exceeded our expectations in spite of the well-known exhibitors with whom we were competing. Tprs. Clark, Cowling and Brunelle deserve high praise for their excellent work in turning out the horses, looking smart and fit at all times. The courtesy and assistance rendered by the officials of the association is worthy

of our appreciation and thanks.

The most satisfactory feature of the whole show is that each and every horse in our string figured in the important prizes. "Witchcraft" winning the high jump and the military jump, "Dolly" the triple bar, "Polly" the open jumping, and "Mickey" the heavy-weight saddle class, whilst "Prince Charming" and "Jorrocks" distinguished themselves by coming second in the saddle tandem and defeating the old-timers on style and performance. As a pair it is very difficult to improve on the two blacks, "Mickey" and "Dolly," who worked so well together in the pair hunters and the lady and gentleman saddle class.

The bus stopped at the corner, and after considerable trouble the conductor succeeded in getting the old lady on.

As she flopped into a seat she sighed deeply. "Oh, dear," she remarked to an elderly man sat opposite her, "it's all this wretched rheumatism. As I used to say to my poor husband, I'm a perfect martyr to it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered, sympathetically, "did you ever try electricity? I used to suffer a good deal from rheumatism myself, but in a short time it completely cured me."

"Electricity!" ejaculated the lady in a supercilious manner. "A lot of good that would do. Why, I was struck by lightning a year ago and it didn't do me a bit of good!"

Greek met Greek again in New York last week, and the conversation was in Yiddish.

Montreal Hunt Club, Open Air Horse Show.

The Annual Open Air Horse Show of the Montreal Hunt Club was held at the club grounds on Cote St Catherine Road on Friday and Saturday, May 28th and 29th. The weather on both days was ideal and the large crowds which attended and the well-filled entries speak for themselves as proof of the increasing popularity of this sport in Montreal.

As in previous years, the officers of "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, availed themselves of the kind invitation from the Montreal Hunt Club to compete, and entered in the following classes: Officers' Charger, Middle-weight Hunter, Pair Hunters, Polo Pony Class and the Open Jumping. In the Officers' Charger Class on Friday afternoon Captain L. D. Hammond, on "Witchcraft," was awarded the Blue Ribbon and a very handsome cup. Captain Hammond, on "Witchcraft," also made a perfect performance over the jumps in the Middle-weight Hunter Class, but was dropped to third place on conformation. We were unplaced in the pair jumping. The Saturday morning programme was devoted to pony classes and gymnastic events for the children. The Polo Pony Class on Saturday afternoon resulted in a win for Mr. H. B. MacDougall's "Sweetheart" while Major D. B. Bowie's "Glitter" and "Gala" were placed second and third. Lt.-Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., rode Major Bowie's

ponies in this class and put up an excellent performance. Captain L. D. Hammond, on "Jorrocks," was unplaced. The open jumping competition was a straight win for the R.C.D. Captain Hammond made clean performances on both "Witchcraft" and "Polly," and Captain Drury made a clean performance on "Dolly" and had one refusal on "Mickey." Captain Hammond with "Witchcraft" and "Polly" was called upon to jump off for first place against Captain Drury on "Dolly," and the jumps were raised from 4 feet 6 inches to 5 feet. The final result being Captain Hammond on "Witchcraft" and "Polly" first and second respectively, winning another very handsome cup, with Captain Drury on "Dolly" third. The judges for the events were H. B. MacDougall Esq., and Col. A. E. Ogilvie. The class for Police Chargers open to members of the Montreal Police Force contained six fine and well-groomed entries, and their general turn-out and riding created a most favourable impression. This class was judged by Lt.-Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., and Captain L. D. Hammond.

Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., etc., and Brig-General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., attended the Horse Show on Saturday afternoon.

The Master and members of the Montreal Hunt very kindly placed the privileges of the club house at the disposal of the officers during the show, and Lt.-Col. McMillan, Capt. Drury, and Capt. Hammond were entertained at lunch by Mr. Harold Hampson, M.F.H., on Saturday noon.

SECOND TROOP WINS THE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION PROFICIENCY CUP

The competition for the above cup ended with the termination of squadron training. As last year,

the rivalry between troops was very keen, the Second Troop winning by the narrow margin of three points. "The Goat" heartily congratulates Second Troop on their achievement. The tabulated results and the nominal roll of Second Troop are appended:

	Max.	1st.	2nd	3rd.	1st.	2nd	3rd.
	Troops			Troops			Totals
1. EQUITATION							
Riding and							
Jumping	10	10	10	10			
Handling off							
Arms Mtd.	5	5	5	5	15	15	15
2. DRILL AND MANOEUVRE							
Dismounted	10	9	9	9			
Mounted	10	8.25	9.17	9.33	17.33	18.17	17.33
3. MUSKETRY	15				16.15	16.06	16.06
4. INTERIOR ECONOMY							
Horsemastership ..	10	8.5	8.16	8.85			
Barrack Rooms ..	10	8.5	8.62	8.75			
Troop Records ...	10	10	10	10	27.	26.78	27.58
5. DISCIPLINE ...	20				15. 5	17.25	13.85
	100				90.98	93.80	90.36
Winner—2nd Troop—93.80.							
2nd —1st Troop—90.98							
3rd —3rd Troop—90.36							

Second Troop nominal roll:

TROOP H.Q.

Lieut. and Bvt. Major F. Sawers, M.C.
238 Sgt. Langley, J.
772 Sgt. Neeves, A.
182 Sgt. Hargreaves, E.

NO. 4 SECTION

147 Cpl. Desnoyers, J. E.
341 Cpl. Coulter, J. R.
894 Tpr. Sawers, D.
826 Tpr. Gardner, A. H.
939 Tpr. Bourassa, A.
933 Tpr. Allingham, H.
943 Tpr. Valiquette, C.
935 Tpr. Bold, W.G.

NO. 5 SECTION

914 L/Cpl. Fraser, J.D.
183 Tpr. Wheeler, T. F.
639 Tpr. Cowling, A.
921 Tpr. Mundell, W. C.
925 Tpr. McDonald, N.
930 Tpr. Mowatt, J. C.

M. G. SECTION

808 Cpl. Lacerte, J. E.
180 Tpr. Harrington, G. W.
928 Tpr. Gravel, H.

NO. 6 SECTION

375 Cpl. McKerrall, W. E.
819 Tpr. Gilmore, M. J.
906 Tpr. Dresser, A.
913 Tpr. Ellis, A.
870 Tpr. Meade, C. H.
941 Tpr. Whitelaw, W. J.
947 Tpr. Mauchan, A.

Montreal Garrison Church Parade.

Citizens of Montreal turned out in full force on Sunday, May 30, to witness the annual church parade of the Montreal Garrison. More than 3,500 troops were on parade and presented a most striking appearance, their bands in most cases being in their pre-war review order, and their equipment shining in the bright sun which favoured the occasion. The parade was commanded by Brig. Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., etc., Colonel Commandant Military District No. 4, and at the saluting point, which was situated on the steps of the Royal Victoria College, the salute was taken by the Minister of National Defence, the Hon. E. M. Macdonald, who was accompanied by Major General J. H. MacBrien, Chief of Staff.

The Montreal Daily Star, in its editorial of Monday, June 1st, referred to the parade as follows:

Our Citizen Soldiers

"The thousands of visitors now in Montreal must have found something of more than ordinary interest in the public turn-out to witness the Garrison Church Parade. Seldom has the city given its soldiers a more enthusiastic recognition since the stirring days of the war. All branches of public activity were represented at the saluting base, from the Government and the church to commerce and education. The Garrison paraded at full strength and made an imposing spectacle on the route march, the forces represented including all the regiments, the officers' training corps, and the cadet corps here.

There is more than surface significance attached to these Garrison parades. They serve to remind us that we have in our midst a large number of citizens who are so fully seized of their duty that they are willing to include in their labours the hard work necessary to maintain a state of efficiency for service, should they ever be called upon. There is in this no trucking to militarism. Rather the reverse. The spirit that prompts our citizen soldiery to keep up their drill, to attend parades, and to give ocular proof from time to time of their devotion to duty is spirit that makes for peace. It is the spirit of preparedness, as essential in this as in every other walk of life.

The service does not inculcate any teaching that war is a fine thing, or that fighting is a good

thing. Rather does it teach that war and all the horrors it represents are things to be avoided at all costs, and that the best and surest way of avoiding them is to be ready to meet any gesture with such firmness as will compel any would-be assailant to hold his hand. Discipline, the habit of self-control, and the fine humility that lies in pride of service—these are the principles the citizen soldiers of Canada uphold. And it is a fine thing for the people of this Dominion that such principles are being so upheld.

An anecdote related recently by the Duke of Sutherland would appear to show that reforming the land laws is not always so simple a matter as some people seem to think.

In Scotland there exists a custom known as tenure by feu, which consists in the tenant performing services or making certain payments, failure in which may result in forfeiture of the tenancy.

Some time back it was decided to abolish feus on the Sutherland estates and substitute a generous form of lease which would have the effect of making the crofter the owner, in all but name, of the land he tilled.

To his Grace's surprise, however, the first Highland farmer to whom the new terms were explained resolutely declined to entertain them.

"But consider," said the tenant. "The rent you will be called upon to pay is merely nominal, and we are we are giving you a lease of 999 years."

The old man shook his head, and retorted, "Na, na, time soon runs awa'."

A clergyman was berating Wendell Phillips one day for making a great ado in one part of the country about something which happened in another part, and asked him why he could not tell in the south what had happened there and not bother the north country about it.

Mr. Phillips: "You are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?"

Minister: "Yes, I am."

"It is your business to save souls from hell?"

"That is my mission."

"Then why don't you go there?"

It is estimated that the world's supply of coal will give out in less than 5,000,000 years, but the scientists who made the estimate have not allowed for the millions of coal strikes that will occur in the meantime.

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Victoria Day Sports.

The annual dismounted sports were held in St. Johns on May 24th. The weather man was very kind and a large concourse of visitors was on hand to witness the many closely-contested events. The programme was run off without a hitch, the competitors in the various events being at the starting point right on the scheduled time. The committee are to be congratulated on the splendid organization that prevailed throughout the day. During the afternoon the St. Johns City Band entertained the crowd with many pleasing selections.

The "Best Turned-out Section" was won by the 1st Section. Col. McMillan assisted in judging this event. Each section had a splendid turn-out, and the judges' job was no sinecure.

The "tug-of-war" was much enjoyed by the spectators. In the preliminaries the Second Troop disposed of the R.C.R. by winning two pulls out of three, and the First Troop pulled the Third over the line in two straight pulls. In the finals the First Troop sprang a surprise when they pulled the Second Troop right off their feet in two straight pulls.

Cpl. McKerrall had an easy time winning the 100 yards dash. Cpl. Green was second, and Cpl. Parker, R.C.R., third. McKerrall captured another first when he beat Ross and Shorrocks, in the order named, in the high jump. McKerrall continued his winning streak when he won the broad jump. Sgt. Godon, R.C.R., was second in this event, and Tpr. Guy captured the third place. The 440 yards was a spirited affair, Tpr. Ross finishing with a fine burst of speed, gained the premier honours, with Cpl. Parker second, and Pte. Lafond third. The boys' race (under 15 years) was the next event, and was won by J. Reid, with E. Forgraves second, and P. Forgraves third. In the three-legged race Cpl. Parker and Pte. Mellish finished first; Pte. Chapman and Pte. Washington were second, and Cpl. Green and Cpl. McKerrall came third. One of the most spectacular events of the day was the relay race. This was won by the R.C.R., Third Troop gaining second place. The sack race provided a deal of amusement to the spectators and was won by L/Cpl. Francoeur, with Pte. Mellish second, and Tpr. Guy third. The mile race was run at a pretty fast clip. Tpr. Ross, who ran with a good judgment of pace, came in first, with Pte. Lafond second and Tpr. Guy third. Then the ladies took the field for the fifty yards dash. Miss Hird won this event, Miss Fletcher being second and Mrs. Laplante third. The field was then cleared for the old soldiers' race (over 35 years of age) and these hoary-headed veterans were assisted or hobbled up to the starting point. This race was won by Capt. Hammond, Tpr. Gilmore being second and Major Williams, R.C.A.M.C., third. The boat race was won by the R.C.R., First Troop getting second place. In the children's race Jack Williams gained first place, with Kathleen Baker second and James Bazley third. The obstacle race was run over a pretty stiff course and was won by Cpl. McKerrall, with Tpr. Ross second and Tpr. Brennan third. The concluding event was the Old Comrades race. In winning this event ex-Tpr. Short duplicated his many successes of former years; ex-Tpr. Hopewell was second in this event.

Cpl. McKerrall, by gaining first place in the 100 yards dash, the high jump, the broad jump, and the obstacle race; second place in putting the shot, and third place in the three-legged race, won the Leblanc Challenge Cup.

The Troop Challenge Cup was won by the R.C.R., with a total of 44 points. Third Troop was second with 33 points.

One of the most amusing events of the afternoon was the "Mock Marriage." The bridal conveyance was a dump-wagon converted. The cavorting steed between the shafts was that grand old utility horse A 23 (Babs). Babs was fittingly attired for the occasion, its fore-legs being encased in drawers, woolen, winter. Tpr. Story made a debonair groom, while Tpr. Dooley was as modest and retiring a bride as one could wish to see. The officiating minister, Tpr. Forsooth, had the correct unctuous manner. The ceremony, though not exactly as per book, was extremely witty. All the clowns and fun-makers were good.

At the conclusion of the programme Mrs. C. J. Armstrong, assisted by Mrs. D. B. Bowie, presented prizes to the successful contestants.

OFFICIALS

Referee: Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D.

Judges: Captain R. E. Balders, M.C. R.C.R., Major J. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C., Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., Captain L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., Lieut. R. C. Clark, R.C.R., Captain M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C., Lieut. J. des Laterriere, 12th Hussars, Rev. A. Saunders Jones, B.A.

Starter: S.M. (W.O.I.) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.)

Announcer: S.S.M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.

Clerks of the Course: Sgt. Bazley, R.C.R., and Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M., R.C.D.

Recorders: Q.M.S. W. T. Ellis, R.C.D., and S/Sgt. E. Sarrazin, R.C.R.

Officer I/C Sports: Captain A. Nicholls, M.C., R.C.R.

Committee of Dismounted Sports: Cpl. F. A. Green, R.C.D., Cpl. W. Parker, R.C.R., Cpl. E. Boucher, R.C.D., and Cpl. J. E. Lacerte.

The results, in detail, follow:

1st Event—Best Turned-Out Section, R.C.D.
1st Section.

2nd Event—Putting the Shot.

1st, L/Cpl. Francoeur, R.C.R., 24 feet, 6 inches.
2nd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop, 23 feet 2 inches.
3rd, Cpl. Boucher, 1st Troop, 22 feet 7 inches.

3rd Event—Tug-of-War.

2nd Troop defeated "D" Coy., R.C.R.
1st Troop defeated 3rd Troop.

4th Event—100 Yards Dash.

1st, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop, 12 seconds.
2nd, Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop.
3rd, Cpl. Parker, R.C.R.

5th Event—High Jump.

1st, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop, 4 feet 11 inches.
2nd, Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop.
3rd, Tpr. Shorrocks, 1st Troop.

6th Event—Broad Jump.

1st, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop, 18 feet 10 inches.
2nd, Sgt. Godon, R.C.R., 17 feet, 10 inches.
3rd, Tpr. Guy, 3rd Troop, 17 feet 1 inch.

7th Event—440 Yards Race.

1st, Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop.
2nd, Cpl. Parker, R. C. R.
3rd, Pte. Lafond, R.C.R.

8th Event—Boys Race (under 15 years)

1st, J. Reid.
2nd, E. Forgraves.
3rd, P. Forgraves.

9th Event—Three-Legged Race.

1st, Cpl. Parker and Pte. Mellish.
2nd, Pte. Chapman and Pte. Washington.
3rd, Cpl. Green and Cpl. McKerrall.

10th Event—Relay Race.

1st, R.C.R. Team.
2nd, 3rd Troop Team.

11th Event—Tug-of-War (Final)

1st Troop defeated 2nd Troop.

12th Event—Sack Race.

1st, L/Cpl. Francoeur, R.C.R.
2nd, Pte. Mellish, R.C.R.
3rd, Tpr. Guy, 3rd Troop.

13th Event—One Mile Race.

1st, Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop.
2nd, Pte. Lafond, R.C.R.
3rd, Tpr. Guy, 3rd Troop.

14th Event—Ladies' 50 Yards Race.

1st, Miss Hird.
2nd, Miss Fletcher.
3rd, Mrs. Laplante.

15th Event—Old Soldiers' Race.

1st, Capt. L. D. Hammond, M.C., 3rd Troop.
2nd, Tpr. Gilmore, 2nd Troop.
3rd, Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.

16th Event—Boat Race

1st, R.C.R. Team.
2nd, 1st Troop Team.

17th Event—Children's Race (Boys and Girls).

1st, Jack Williams.
2nd, Kathleen Baker.
3rd, James Bazley.

18th Event—Obstacle Race.

1st, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop.
2nd, Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop.
3rd, Tpr. Brennan, 3rd Troop

Extra—Old Comrades Race.

1st, Ex-Tpr. Short.
2nd, Ex-Tpr. Hopewell.

LEBLANC CHALLENGE CUP

Winner, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop,	23
Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop,	16
L/Cpl. Francoeur, R.C.R.	10
Capt. L. D. Hammond, 3rd Troop	5
Cpl. Parker, R.C.R.	4
Pte. Lafond, R.C.R.	4
Tpr. Gilmore, 1st Troop	3
Cpl. Green, 2nd Troop	3
Tpr. Guy, 2nd Troop	3
Sgt. Godon, R.C.R.	3
Pte. Mellish, R.C.R.	3
Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.	1
Cpl. Boucher, 1st Troop	1
Tpr. Shorrocks, 1st Troop	1
Tpr. Brennan, 3rd Troop	1

Previous winners of the LeBlanc Challenge Cup

1920—Pte. Pirltu.
1921—Pte. Short, H.E.
1922—Pte. Short, H.E.
1923—Tpr. Benton.
1924—L/Cpl. Stanyar, R. A.
1925—Cpl. Stanyar, R.A.

J. R. GAUNT & SON CHALLENGE CUP

Event	1st Trp.	2nd Trp.	3rd Trp	R.C.R.	R.C.A.M.C.
2	1	3	—	5	—
4	—	5	3	1	—
5	1	5	3	—	—
6	—	5	1	3	—
7	—	—	5	4	—
10	—	—	5	10	—
11	10	5	—	—	—
12	—	—	1	8	—
13	—	—	6	3	—
15	—	3	5	—	1
16	5	—	—	10	—
18	—	5	4	—	—
Total	17	31	33	44	1
1st, R.C.R.	44				
2nd, 3rd Troop	33				
3rd, 2nd Troop	31				
4th, 1st Troop	17				
5th, R.C.A.M.C.	1				

A humane society decided to run an advertising campaign. With this end in view they secured a large shop in the West End and filled the window with attractive paintings in oil colours of wild animals in their native haunts.

A poster erected in the middle bore the heart-rending words:

"We were skinned to provide foolish women with fashionable furs.

A number of people had collected about the window and were staring at the contents. Suddenly a man with a harassed expression spoke his thoughts aloud:

"I know how you feel, old tops," he murmured. "But you aren't the only ones; I suffered in the same way!"

Two Spaniards of haughty demeanour quarrelled, and, being unable to settle things like ordinary mortals, they decided to fight a duel.

In order to perform this without attracting too much attention, they thought it best to take a train into the country.

The first Spaniard booked a return ticket, but his opponent only took a single.

"Caramba," exclaimed the first, "You are afraid you will not come back, eh, my friend? I always get a return."

"I never do," the other answered calmly. "I always take the return half from my adversary."

Typist: "I don't believe half I see in print."

Her Employer: "Judging from your spelling you must include the dictionary."

"Now that you are a married man I suppose you will take out an insurance policy?"

"Oh, no! I don't think she's going to be dangerous."

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Sports

CRICKET

R.C.D. vs Windsor Hotel

On Sunday, June 6th, a representative team from the Windsor Hotel opposed the Dragoons on the Barracks grounds. The weather was perfect, which was a departure from the usual order of things. The visitors won the toss and elected to bat first. Tpr. Beetham and Tpr. Russell bowled well for the R.C.D. Mr. Geo. Ellis was the best bat on the visiting team. The Windsor were dismissed for a total of 47.

The R.C.D. opened their innings very inauspiciously, five wickets falling for 17 runs. Then Sgt. Sheehy and Tpr. Story got together and carried the score to 85, when they both retired. With the score at 105 Cpl. Cassidy (captain) declared.

Summary follows:

Windsor Hotel

Stansfield, b. Beetham	0
McAuley, b. Russell	2
Taylor, b. Beetham	0
Merritt, b. Russell	3
French, b. Russell	3
Ellis, J., run out	3
Varley, b. Beetham	0
Fletcher, b. Beetham	1
Young, run out	8
Ellis, G., not out	11
Amherst, c. Rowe, b. Russell	0
Extras	16
Total	47

R.C.D.

Woolcock, b. Merritt	2
Russell, b. Merritt	5
Brown, b. Merritt	0
Guy, c. and b. Stansfield	5
Cassidy, b. Ellis	3
Sheehy, retired	27
Rowe, b. Merritt	0
Story, retired	30
Weeks, c. Young, b. Stansfield	8
Beetham, not out	10
Harris, did not bat	15
Extras	15
Total	105

FOOTBALL

The official opening of the St. Johns City Football League occurred on Tuesday, May 25th, when the R.C.D. were opposed by the Hart Battery. The St. Johns City Band was in attendance, and it was extremely gratifying to see the large number of spectators gathered to witness the opening game. Unfortunately Mayor Trahan was unable to be present, but his deputy, Alderman Rheame, filled the bill to the satisfaction of all. Just previous to the kick-off the players were introduced to Mr. Rheame by the president of the league, Mr. L. Gage. Then Mr. Rheame kicked off, and the game was on.

The Dragoons soon asserted themselves and had most of the play in the opening half. The visitors worked hard but found the opposing defence too sound for their modest endeavours. The Dragoons found the net four times in this session, Sheehy scoring twice, and Campbell and English counting one each. In the second half English got a brace of goals and Sheehy added another. Towards the end of the game the Harts launch-

ed a strong attack but were unable to find the vital spot. Their only fault appeared to be lack of experience. This will doubtless be remedied during the present season, and they will be no easy mark at the season's close.

Result: R.C.D., 7; Hart, 0.

The Dragoons were represented by: Sgt. Langley; Sgt. Campbell, Tpr. Gilmore; Capt. Hammond, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Guy; Tpr. Doo-ley, Tpr. English, Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Cornwall.

R.C.R. vs. Windsor Hotel

On May 28th the above teams met on the Barracks grounds. The Windsor team were full of the confidence that might be expected from the English team that is at present touring Canada. But their self-inflated balloon was rudely burst when their under-estimated rivals handed them a well-merited defeat. In the first half Sgt. Godon and Cpl. CacLean scored for the R.C.R., and although the Hotel men had lots of chances they failed to find the net. The play in the second half was very hard with the R.C.R. fighting doggedly to maintain their lead. Towards the close of the game the visitors found the net. Their forwards' ineptitude in front of goal was the main cause of the Windsor's defeat.

Result: R.C.R., 2; Windsor, 1.

Singer vs. R.C.D.

This game was played on the Singer ground on June 1st in a blinding rainstorm. The condition of the ground was terrible. The field was a good substitute for a sheet of corrugated iron, the marks of the yeoman plough being plainly evident. The Dragoons fielded the same team that beat the Hart Battery. In the first half

the R.C.D. were all over their opponents and half-time found the score 5—1 in their favour. Play was more even in the second half, each team scoring twice. The goal-scorers for the Dragoons were: English 2, Sheehy 2, Rowe, Dawkes and Gilmore, one each.

Result: R.C.D., 7; Singer, 3.

Hart Battery vs. R.C.R.

The above teams met on the Barracks grounds on Friday, the 4th of June. The game was a very strenuous one and very pleasing to watch. Both sides fought like the very dickens. The Hart scored early in the first half, and McLean equalised from Godon's pass in the second frame. From then on till the end of the game the struggle for supremacy was very keen. As neither side could find the "soft spot," the result was: R.C.R., 1; Hart Battery, 1.

Windsor vs. R.C.D.

The above teams "locked horns" on Tuesday, June 8th. This game had been eagerly anticipated, as the Windsor had been playing this game on many a hectic night. Unfortunately they found that the brand of football played on the field is slightly different to that "played" in the hotel smoking room. The weather was bad, intermittent showers being the order of the evening. The game opened with a rush and after about five minutes' play English scored from Sheehy's pass. Shortly afterwards Sheehy got through and put the Dragoons further ahead. This concluded the scoring for the first half. Taylor put the Windsor one up early in the second half, and the Windsor, taking heart from this, kept up a steady pressure for about fifteen minutes. Then the

Drags. took over, and English scored a beauty from Harris's pass. Towards the close Harris wormed his way to a good position and then scored with a splendid drive.

The R.C.D. players were: Sgt. Langley; Sgt. Campbell, Tpr. Gilmore; Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Guy; Tpr. Cornwall, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. English, Tpr. Dooley.

WITH POT AND PAN

Old J.B. is a man of peace;
He toils all day in the cook-house;
When e'er you see him he's covered
in grease,
But he sure knows how to make
scowse.

When mixed up with his pots and
pans

He enjoys the greatest pleasure,
As down his pants he wipes his
hands,
And surveys his kitchen at leisure.

A short while ago he ditched his
teeth,
But he's going to get some more in.
The old ones couldn't chew issue
beef

That's about as tender as sheet-
tin.

The time of the year that he likes
best

Is when the boys are in camp,
Then he spins tall stories with in-
finite zest,
And they listen, wide-eyed, in the
tank.

He tells of the days of long ago,
When he went out prospecting;
His voice drones on so soft and low
And his yarns are most int'resting.

Says he: "When in vain I'd
search for gold
In the great wide-open spaces,
I'd lie at night 'neath the stars
so cold,
And think up some likely places."

And so, with the dawn's first
streak of grey,
He'd be up bright and early,
To re-commence his quest that day,
As the sky turned pink and
pearlie.

He's never yet said if he struck
any luck,
Or found what he was after;
'Cause the boys, at this point,
would start to duck,
As they silently shook with laugh-
ter.

Like the waters that flow in the
swift-running brook,
The years have trickled away,
At the end of them all old Jack's
a cook,
And we hope he's here to stay.

—S. R.

Here and There.

The Canada Gazette of May 22, 1926, announces the following awards: Lt.-Col. J. R. McLeod, 11th Hussars, the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers' Decoration; Major D. A. Macdonald, P.E.I.L. H., and Lieut. J. R. Nicholson, P. E.I.L.H., the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medals.

The inscription on the monument erected to the memory of Earl Kitchener, which was dedicated on June 9th, is notable for its brevity: "Kitchener. 1850-1916. Erected by Parliament."

The statue will occupy a position opposite the monument to Earl Roberts and Viscount Wolseley.—Montreal Daily Star.

By a strange irony of fate, while no effort has been spared to mark the last resting place of even the humblest private who died during the war, the grave of one of the country's greatest soldiers is still unmarked by stone or cross.

In the quiet little village churchyard of Ripple, Kent, there is an insignificant grass-covered mound, surmounted by a few withered and leafless twigs.

Yet this sadly-neglected spot is the grave of the late Field-Marshal French, Earl of Ypres, commander of the "Contemptible Little Army."

The sexton, Thomas Bennett, who was clipping the grass on an adjoining grave, paused in his task as a searcher for the grave approached him.

"Is it Mr. French's grave ye are seeking, sir?" he asked.

He pointed to "that little, little grave, that obscure grave," and added: "Hundreds of folk come here to see it, 20 or 30 every week. They cannot find it themselves, and when I point it out to them they are surprised to find that here is not one other memorial to mark the spot." — Montreal Daily Star.

The International Horse Show opened on June 17th at Olympia under the patronage of King George. There were 1,200 entries, many of them those of women, and it is the boast of the show that every woman or girl competitor displayed her favourite mount under a side-saddle.

Fine horses from many countries entered the arena when the show was declared open and the socially prominent world of Britain was there to see them. The entries this year set a record.

My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919)

Tuesday, April 25th, 1916—
(Auchy-les-Hesdin)

Took the scouts on a scheme till 12.30 p.m. Lovely warm day. In the afternoon rode to Hesdin with Wilkes and Johnson. Laughlin Hughes came to dinner and afterwards Hall called for us in car. We motored to Hesdin, where I left them and drove car home. Irish revolt breaks out in Dublin. Rebels take general post office and cut communications.

Wednesday, April 26th.

Squadron and regimental orderly officer. Took scouts out at 9.30 a.m. Returned 4.00 p.m. Had lunch out. Very hot. Arranged for car to go to Abbeyville for supplies. Filled various roles today. Have been scout officer, O. C. 3rd and 2nd Troops, 2nd I/C squadron, transport officer, and I/C canteen. Made rounds at 10.00 p.m. Caldwell came to dinner. Mutiny in Dublin very serious affair.

Thursday, April 27th

Had the squadron on parade at 8.30 a.m. Practised dismounted attacks, as a regiment, in the open and in a wood. Very well done. Brigade inspection tomorrow. Played indoor ball with Whitehead. A large order arrived from the Field Force Canteen. New place very good.

Friday, April 28th

Breakfast early. Squadron parade at 8.00 a.m. Marched to Forest Hesdin, where the regiment assembled. The brigade was inspected by General Vaughan, G.O. C. 3rd Cavalry Division. The R. C.D. were detailed to hold the rest in check in the wood till 2.30 p.m. We were the reserve squadron and had nothing to do. Returned at 3.30 p.m. Indoor baseball at 6.00 p.m.

Saturday, April 29th

Orderly officer. Had exercise ride till 10.00 a.m. and "stables" till 12.30. Rode to Hesdin at 2.15 p.m. Purchased necessities and returned at 3.30 p.m. Regimental concert at night. Very long but some items were quite amusing.

Sunday, April 30th

Church parade at 9.45 a.m. O'Gogarty still unsettled re Abbey-

ville. Football team played "The Blues" on their ground and lost, 2-1. Kut fell after 143 days seige.

Monday, May 1st

Went on parade and took scouts. Back at 11 a.m. Packed up to move to School of Instruction at Framcourt. Arrived at 3.30 p.m. There are two R.C.D. officers here and we mess by ourselves. Am taking pioneer course.

Tuesday, May 2nd (Framcourt)

On parade at 9.30. Had lecture on explosives till 11.45. At 12 noon had lectures on "Demolitions and Formulae." After lunch, parade at 2.30 and did wiring till 3.15, when a thunderstorm burst. We were all soaked when we returned. Very interesting course.

Wednesday, May 3rd

Had lecture on "Demolition and Formulae" till 11.00, and then we did practical demolition. Blew up trees, etc. Used 10 lbs. of gun cotton once. After 15 minutes rest did wiring, French and English, till 1.00 p.m. After lunch did knotting and lashing till 4.00 p.m. Had an extra lecture on "Steel Girder Formulae." Very complicated.

Thursday, May 4th

Got papers at breakfast. General Conscription in England at last. Did some on formulae for demolition of girders. Very difficult and complicated. At 12.30 we went down to field and blew some up. After lunch did wiring till 4.00 p.m. Put out low wire, 50 yards in 23 minutes, and 40 yards French wire in 13 minutes. Party of 17. Practised tying knots.

Friday, May 5th

Lecture on "Strength of Cordage" till 11.30. We did demolition and barrel piers till lunch. After lunch did wiring till 4.00 p.m. Studied till 10.30. Very hard course; too much mathematics for me. General Conscription Bill passed in England by 283 majority.

Saturday, May 6th

Had breakfast early and left for an all-day trip to blow up bridges, etc. Went in lorry. Built barrel raft, one-man raft and tarpaulin raft. Afterwards we built a trestle bridge and then came back. After dinner did some night wiring. Exams tomorrow. Retired early.

Sunday, May 7th

Exams started 9.30 a.m. Three

papers — one on wiring, one on knots and lashes, and one on bridging and demolition. Pretty stiff papers. Wrote till 1.00 p.m., and think I passed. Earl came up with horse, but as it was raining did not ride.

Monday, May 8th (Auchy-les-Hesdin)

Had a short lecture on making a gin and a derrick. Left for Auchy-les-Hesdin. Course is over but I go back on Tuesday and Wednesday for general course for second-in-command. Back at Auchy at 4.45 p.m. Saw Bowie and Whitehead.

Tuesday, May 9th

Raining hard. Left at 9.00 a.m. for Framcourt and arrived at 10.00 a.m. Newcomen and Sherwood also here. Did 1½ hour bombing, 1½ hour pioneering in morning. In the afternoon 1½ hour sniping and 1½ hour Hotchkiss gun. All done in pouring rain. Saw Lord Somers who was in Toronto in 1914. Left at 5.00 p.m. Back at 6.15 p.m. Newcomen came to dinner, and Steele and O'Gogarty came in after.

(To be continued)

Bran Mash.

At Marylebone County Court--
"Are you married?"

Man: "Yes; I know what it is to serve."

Mother: "Never let me catch you at the jam again, Willie."

Willie: "I—I tried not to let you catch me this time."

Rural Visitor (trying to cash a cheque in a city bank)—"Why won't you cash it, mister?"

Cashier: "Because I don't know you."

Rural Visitor: "Well, I'll be durned! I never seen sich a stickler for etiquette!"

No marriage is a success where one person has to furnish most of the love and all the obedience.

First Flea: "Where will you send little Gerald when he grows up?"

Second Flea: "Oh, I suppose he will go to the dogs, like his father."

Teacher: "Let us take the example of the ant. He is busy all the day. He works hard all day and every day. Then what happens?"

Pupil: "He gets stepped on."

Teacher: "'I have went.' That is wrong, isn't it?"

Pupil: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Why is it wrong?"

Pupil: "Because you ain't went yet."

The great sculptor had just finished his model of an angel, and one of his numerous friends had called in to see it and at the same time to give a little friendly criticism.

"Friend," said he, sagely, "angels don't wear silk stockings. Did you ever see an angel in high-heeled shoes and silk stockings?"

For a moment there was silence in the studio. And then:

"Did you," asked the sculptor, "ever see one without them?"

Frosh (admiringly) — "There's my division room teacher. I'm sure he's going to say something wonderfully intellectual. Let's listen."

Teacher (to friend)—"Isn't it about time we were getting outside of some sandwiches and coffee?"

"Do I understand that your husband assaulted you?" asked the

magistrate of the much-damaged lady, who had made application for a summons.

"'E did that, sir," she replied with emphasis. "Bashed me over the 'ead wiv a motter, 'e did."

"With a what?" asked the magistrate.

"A motter, yer worshup. One of them fings wot yer 'angs on the wall wiv a frame round it, and 'Bless our 'appy 'ome' in the middle."

Gardener: "My heart is in my work, sir."

Employer: "Good! Now how about getting your hands into it?"

"How high are we?" asked the timid aeroplane passenger.

"About 4,000 feet," answered the pilot. "I haven't started to climb yet."

"I don't know whether or not I mentioned before we started," quavered the passenger, "but I'm not at all ambitious."

"I want a summons against a neighbour," said a man at Willesden Police Court, "for threatening to send my wife where her sister has gone."

Magistrate: "Where is that?"
"I don't know; she's dead."

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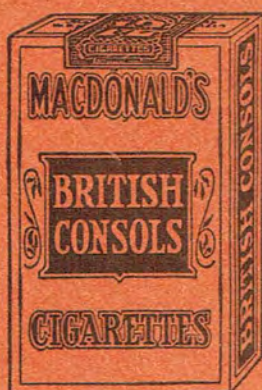
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